CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VII. London, November, 1909 No. 1

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Issued Monthly. Price: { Canada and Great Britain $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy. { United States, $2.00 a year. 20 cents the copy.

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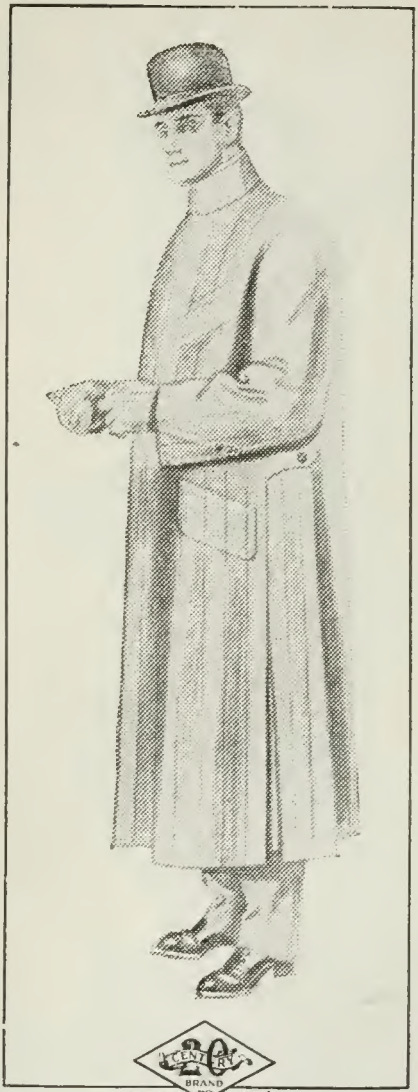
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Ltd., Publishers

SILVESTER-WILLSON BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT:

LONDON 382 Clarence St. | TORONTO 68 Victoria St. | MONTREAL 522 Board of Trade Bldg. | CHICAGO 1502 Marquette Bldg.



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THE VOICE OF THE SELKIRKS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

What is the meaning and trend of their motion,
These fevered and restless things at our feet?
They wander and fret like the waves of an ocean,
With their rage as vain and their hours as fleet.

Trampled and torn by the hooves of disaster,
O'ertaken by thirsts and hungers and fears.
Defiant of torrents no daring shall master,
They hurl their wills in the face of the years.

They come as the rainfall, and go as the river;
We listen impassive and wonder and wait,
Abiding the hour that our womb shall deliver
The passionless silence of ultimate fate.

'Tis we who have known not of tumult and fever,
'Tis we who are patient and measured and sure,
'Tis we who are done with desires for ever,
'Tis we who are passive, *shall live and endure.*

'Tis we who are silent and changeless and quail not,
'Tis we who persist through immovable peace,
'Tis we who have seen that their efforts avail not,
Exult, and survive, *and never shall cease!*

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

The Story of the Play, see page 59

FLORA ZABELLE

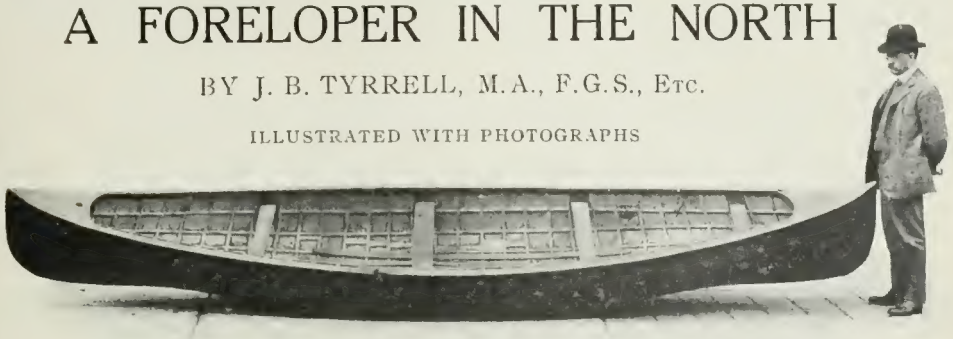
CANADA WEST MONTHLY

VOLUME VII. LONDON, NOVEMBER NUMBER 1

A FORELOPER IN THE NORTH

BY J. B. TYRRELL, M.A., F.G.S., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



MR. TYRRELL AND THE PETERBOROUGH CANOE IN WHICH HE EXPLORED THE HUDSON BAY COAST

This article ought to be called "The Explorer's Easy Chair." It is of a rare quality, for very seldom have men who found out wildernesses been able to write of what civilization has done for the wilderness. Mr. Tyrrell began exploring in western Canada in 1883. He was with Dr. Dawson of the Geological survey at the discovery of the Crow's Nest coal deposits. He made the first thorough scientific examination of the Saskatchewan Valley. The only adequate surveys of Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis are his. He spent summers surveying the rich territory watered by the Churchill River. During two summers he explored new territory from Lake Athabasca north of Chesterfield Inlet, and from Cumberland House up the unmapped Kazan River. He twice came down the coast of Hudson Bay to Fort Churchill in a Peterborough canoe in the month of October. For years he lived in the Yukon. He has been honored by the greatest geographical and scientific societies and was a notable figure at the recent meeting of the British Association of Science. We feel we are doubly fortunate in inducing such a man to write of a trip through the Swan River country twenty years after he originally explored it for the Dominion Geological Survey.—EDITOR.

THE other day a lady told me I was one of the prehistoric men of Canada. When I looked surprised,—possibly pained,—she said the remark was intended to be complimentary, which was more surprising still, until she explained that prehistoric meant one who had preceded white settlement, and who had something to do with the nomenclature of the country, or with spreading a knowledge of it.

The lady was very kind, and her questions and suggestions about what

she called my prehistoric wanderings have led me to attempt something, for which I have always supposed neither Providence nor experience had fitted me—that is, to write what my fair friend was pleased to describe as a humanized appendix to a series of reports to the geological survey. Therefore this.

In 1887, 1888, and 1889, with able assistance, I made a survey of part of northwestern Manitoba, and of the contiguous territory of Assiniboia, which has since become the province of Saskatchewan. I did not see that country again until August, 1908, and when one thinks of what has happened during the intervening years, one does feel rather a prehistoric character, whose interest is transferred from the past to the future, with a curious temptation to prophesy what the next twenty years will bring forth.

YORK FACTORY. THE "OCEAN NYMPH" OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FLEET AT ANCHOR

In the days when I was an all-summer visitant in western Canada, I did not hear the toot of the locomotive from the beginning of work in the spring until the frosts and snows of November sent me back to civilization, to sort out and piece together the knowledge that had been gained, "for the general advantage of Canada." In those far-off days information about northwestern Manitoba was interred in a few blue books, of which the general public knew nothing, and which the politicians had not taken the trouble to master. Not long ago a maker of agricultural implements told me that at the time I was examining the country west of Lake Winnipegosis, his firm would not have dreamed of selling a binder for anything less than spot cash to any man who might have proposed settling in that neighborhood. They believed the land to be poor, and the climate atrocious. But now—well, what did I think of Dauphin and Gilbert Plains?

This was his way of reminding me that away back in 1887 many excellent people regarded me as a very foolish young man for saying there was magnificent farming country around the Duck, Riding and Porcupine Mountains. But homesteaders began to follow my trail; and when I completed my work in northwestern Manitoba in 1889 there was a shack on the Vermilion River, about nine miles west of Lake Dauphin. When next I passed that way the shack had become a town of three thousand people; the uncertain trail was superseded by the main line of a great railway system; and close to where I had camped stood big wheat elevators, and the roundhouse and shops of a divisional point, that must have cost seventy thousand dollars.

But like a true prehistoric, I am beginning at the wrong end, for I entered northwestern Manitoba this time from the west, having come from Prince Albert over the Canadian Northern to Swan river, and thence south to Dauphin. Prince Albert, when I was last there, had railway connection with

MR. TYRRELL AND FATHER GIROUX

the south, but it was just a struggling outpost of civilization; and the bishop's palace was still a notable building. I last came up the Saskatchewan from Cumberland House, after a season's work in the field, because that was the quickest way out of the country around Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis. This year I saw a very different Prince Albert—a city, if you please, the home of two bishops, the seat of five sawmills (one of them with an output of 2,500,000 feet of lumber in a week), big banks, fine hotels, a great steel bridge under construction over the river; and on the Sunday I was there silk hats and frock coats that made you feel older every time you saw them. The next time I am at Cumberland House silk hats may be visible there. Who knows? For the incredible has happened. You can travel by train from Prince Albert to the Pas, almost eighty miles farther down the river than Cumberland House, and the Pas is only 470 miles from Fort Churchill; and therefore only a paltry two hundred miles farther from Liverpool than New York is.

It is a rare and delightful experience in contrasts—to toil up the Saskatchewan against the mighty, muddy current, in a Peterborough canoe, and then to traverse in a perfectly equipped sleeping car the country you cannot see from the tracker's level. It used to be a twelve days' haul up stream from the Pas to Prince Albert. From Prince Albert to the Pas by the Canadian Northern is about two hundred and fifty miles, and that by taking two sides of a triangle. For the first ninety miles the railroad passes through as fine a mixed farming district as you would wish to see—rolling, wooded, well-watered prairie. For the first fifteen miles you are in the nose of land that narrows for twenty miles eastward to the confluence of the north

HERE THE NEW EXTENSION TO HUDSON BAY LEAVES THE MAIN LINE

and south branches of the Saskatchewan; and then you cross the south branch by the Fenton bridge. East of the big river the country is pretty well settled. Post offices are scattered over the townships, north and south. Beyond Tisdale there is continuous forest, with lumber mills here and there.

I was specially interested in Hudson Bay Junction, in the heart of the bush, and if there had been a convenient train I would have gone up to the Pas, for old acquaintance sake. But Providence—in this case the railroad—was no more on my side than was the factor in charge of Fort Churchill in 1894, when I wanted him to supply me with dogs with which to walk en route for Winnipeg, over two hundred miles of unexplored territory to Split Lake, which lies between Fort Churchill and the Pas. At that time something was to be gained by pacing the unknown two hundred miles in midwinter, and the Hudson's Bay factor notwithstanding, I got the dogs and a courageous Indian, and made the trip to Split Lake. But nothing was to be gained by waiting for a problematical freight to the Pas, and I decided to postpone renewal of acquaintance with the Lower Saskatchewan till a passenger service is inaugurated with wide-berthed sleeping-cars.

That time cannot be very far off. As I happen to have made the surveys of the lakes and rivers which must govern the rail route to Churchill, I hazard the conjecture that the government party of locators that has gone in there will find a continuation of the line already built to the Pas to be the best method of access to Hudson Bay. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had pledged himself to the immediate construction of the road to the Bay, so Split lake will be more easily reached than it was aforetime.

But the site of Hudson Bay Junction is just within range of the work of 1887–8–9, recollection of which brought me into these methodless musings. The junction has superseded Etoimami siding. It is about three miles north of the confluence of the Etoimami with the Red Deer river. In 1889 I came to this confluence over an old trail from the east, and then turned down the Red Deer to Red Deer lake, taking the ancient Hudson's Bay Company's trail, cut through the bush alongside the river. They used to bring goods from London to York Factory by ship up the Nelson river to Lake Winnipeg, and thence into Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis by a horribly circuitous route from Lake Winnipegosis into Red Deer Lake, and then up the river as far as it was navigable for York boats. The route had been abandoned long before I went over the Red Deer section of it. The venerable trading post was in ruins. As a centre of commerce it has been superseded by Erwood, where the railway crosses the river—a doubly modern place, inasmuch as it is named after Mr. E. R. Wood, one of a group of alert Toronto financiers.

. . I suppose an ingenious writer might

ONE OF THE OLD TRADING POSTS

find quite a theme in the names of the natural features and towns of western Canada. As I have no expertness in weaving romantic suggestions around ordinary place names, but have been compelled to christen many rivers, lakes and islands for the hydrographer, I will explain the origin of a few that belong to the district between Dauphin and Hudson Bay Junction on the Canadian Northern railway.

The course of this railway for a hundred miles, say from Cowan, is Z shaped, because it follows, broadly, the shore of Lake Agassiz, which formerly occupied the Valley of Red River and the big lakes of Manitoba. This primeval beach, skirting the Duck and Porcupine Mountains, remains in the form of one or more gravel ridges, as admirably adapted for travel in Red River cart days as they were subsequently found to be for the building of a railroad. But fur-traders and Indians did not talk much of "travel." In a country where they camped in tents they discussed the fortunes of "pitching," and the ancient beaches of Lake Agassiz they called "pitching ridges." In seasons of excessive rainfall the "pitching ridges" were used more or less as permanent locations for bands of redskins. A few miles east of what is now Erwood I came to a place which bore signs of former habitation, and my Indians told me it was known as Smoking Tent—which explains the appearance of Smoking Tent river on the map. Rightly understood, perhaps, Smoking Tent river should be Council House river, or Club river; for the smoking tent was that in which the varied junctions of a parliament and a club were performed.

MR. TYRRELL'S INKSTAND
Made of an insulator and wire from the abandoned telegraph system, a buffalo horn and an Indian stone weapon

Next to the Smoking Tent, redolent of the unspoiled Indian, is the Armitt, reminiscent to me of one of the whitest white men I have known. Mr. David Armitt was in charge of Manitoba House on Lake Manitoba, the head post of the Hudson's Bay Company for that region during the years that I was surveying Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipegosis and the country thereabouts. He was good to me in every way, and especially when I was stricken with typhoid fever, and had to be forwarded to the Winnipeg hospital. And so there is an Armitt river, and an Armitt Lake. I couldn't do much more in acknowledgment of all Mr. Armitt's kindness to me than the individual who promised to pray earnestly for the heaviest of many creditors. But I did what I could.

Last year a friend just returned from a commercial excursion to Lake Winnipeg told me he had been hearing about me from Kematch, who, he said, retains his reputation as the most sagacious guide in the Swan river and Swan lake country. Kematch worked for me during one season, and was then as good an Indian as I had ever known. His name persists in the Kematch river. Another Indian who was fam-

INDIANS STILL USE THE "PITCHING RIDGES" AS CAMPS

ous in my time as a canoe bowsman, who had become Bowsman by name as well as by nature, is commemorated in the Bowsman river, and the village of Bowsman, ten miles north of Swan river town.

It is when I come to Swan river that the pleasant notion that I am prehistoric utterly fails; for the Canadian Pacific Railway was there before me—and was gone. Prehistoric remains included telegraph poles and wires, as interesting in their way as those which were erected away up in the Caribou country of British Columbia, as part of the scheme to build an overland telegraph system from New York to Europe via Alaska, the Aleutian Islands and Siberia—a scheme destroyed by the Atlantic cable.

Then later Mr. Simon Dawson wrote: "There the Swan river winds about in a fine valley, the banks of which rise to a height of eighty or a hundred feet. Beyond these, an apparently unbroken level extends to one side for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to the Porcupine Hills, and for an equal distance on the other, to a high table land called the Duck Mountain. From this southward to Thunder Mountain the country is the finest I have ever seen in a state of nature."

Ten years before my time Mr. G. C. Cunningham wrote: "Its extent is about sixty miles in length, by about twenty miles in width; the soil is remarkably rich and productive. Throughout, it consists of large plains clothed with tall succulent grass, alternating with strips, and admirably adapted for building purposes. Near Swan lake may be seen spruce, tamarac, oak, elm, maple, birch and poplar, each species being represented by trees of very considerable growth."

Indeed, the Swan river valley was for generations the great highway of the western plains, the land route to Hudson Bay, with Fort Pelly as the great distributing point for western Manitoba, and about half of the present province of Saskatchewan. At the post on Swan river, about fifteen miles from its outlet into Swan lake, the cargoes of the boats that came from York factory were unloaded, and put on the excellent trail, which, except for short distances through the timber—at one place the Five Mile Woods had to be traversed—needed no preparation for the cart-trains. When the furs went down in the spring, and the merchandise came back in the late summer, the Swan river trail was alive. But in the late eighties it was deserted. The railways to the south had put the ancient channels of commerce out of business. For years, whenever I contemplated the inkstand made out of one of the insulators of the defunct telegraph system, I wondered how long it would be before the valley would be properly appreciated. I knew that time must come, because the first time I was there I met a rancher from somewhere beyond Yorkton, who in face of a scarcity of hay near his home had just decided to winter his cattle near Thunder Hill, where there was a measureless plenty of long, succulent grass. In this con-

nection, in August, I had a curious illustration among many others, of how mystery may come to surround a recent occurrence. I was visiting Mr. Cotton, the best known of the Swan river farmers, who drove me over the once familiar country—now so modernly caparisoned, that only the river and traces of the old trail, between the wheat fields, reminded me of what it once had been. We talked over the former times, and I told him of my meeting with the Yorkton rancher. Mr. Cotton said he never heard of the man; but near Thunder Hill were some rough buildings whose origin had always been a puzzle to him, and their appearance indicated that they had served just such a purpose as the Yorktonian's. For Cotton, therefore, the log structures were prehistoric remains. For me they were modern confirmations of historical associations.

Thunder Hill was as familiar as a household word to the old Swan river travelers, because it was near the trail. But just as smaller rivers were to them either unknown or negligible as to names, so other features of the country that were not conspicuous for long distances, were comparatively unnoticed. Fifteen miles east of where the trail passed in sight of Thunder Hill is another eminence, that has a certain similarity to the kopjes of South Africa. The Indians, I found, called the hill Minitonas—the hill that stands by itself—and Minitonas it has ever since been on the map. The railroad people named their nearest town after it. But there is a curious difference between the ancient and modern pronunciation of the name. The Indian said "Min*it*-o-*nas*," with emphasis on "it," and especially "nas". The station agent, et al, say "Min-i-*to*-nas," with emphasis only on "to".

The delver into western nomenclature will marvel at the extent to which all sorts of histories are appropriated by the railroad man. Minitonas is not so far from Mafeking. Near the Thunder Hill branch is Pretoria Postoffice. All the stations from Selkirk (Winnipeg was not to be on the main line) to Battleford were named. The difference between naming stations before the line is built and deferring baptism till after the construction gangs have gone home is that there is a noble sequence in the first method, and a cosmopolitan bravado about the second. I think that in western Manitoba stations that did not materialize I detect the cultured hand of Sir Sanford Fleming, the first chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific. What do you think of these, listed within a hundred miles: Pohtrencourt, Vandyck, Blackwood, Longueville, Petrooka, Northcote, Hennepin, Coleridge, Erskine, Stalhold and Doyle?

Well, the expectations of Dawson and Cunningham about what the Swan river valley would soon be, were not realized. But the day of achievement was only postponed. When I saw the transformation that has come over the valley, I felt that after all a prophet may, in his own country, be entitled to some respect.

I remember camping one night on the trail on the north side of the river at the spot I was able to locate about a mile from Mr. Cotton's farm. To write effectively, I suppose I ought also to recollect some coyote's howl, or the noises of some black-tailed deer, scared out of the nearest bluff by my intrusion upon a terrible privacy; and then I ought to contrast it with the miles of wheat stacks, the fine buildings and all the paraphernalia of modern prosperous agriculture, so dear to the heart of the twentieth century westerner. But I remember nothing except that we camped there, and I can't go into ecstasies about wheat, though I'd like to. That story had better be left to photographs. It is only what I expected, and what anybody would expect who has seen, as I have, fine garden stuff growing three hundred miles north of the Swan river. If an insufficient interest in Mr. Cotton's spring and fall wheat does injustice to a farming ancestry, I would fain atone by saying that Mr. Cotton's flower garden was the most wonderful display of its kind I have ever seen. Here were over a hundred varieties of blooms that for size, coloring and fragrance would provoke the most skilful Ontario gardener to envious praise.

Western Manitoba is not in need of prophesy any more, even though its day of achievement is not yet fully come. Some extravagant hopes have been falsified, as they were bound to be. I have been asked whether there are not vast oil deposits around the Riding, Duck and Porcupine mountains, and when I have said "No," have been told that Mr. Carlisle, farmer, ten miles from Dauphin, has skimmed enough oil from the top of a spring in a little muskey to lubricate his wagon. It is equally true that more than twenty years ago enough oil was found in this region to lubricate costly boring apparatus over hundreds of miles of trail, and to sink two holes that are holes yet —for the money that was put into them. One is where Snake creek runs into Swan river about twelve miles north of Fort Pelly. It was 501 feet deep. The other is alongside the Vermilion river, about fifteen miles above Dauphin. The Manitoba Oil Company put it down 743 feet before abandoning the prospect. There *is* oil in the shale, some of it is leaking out, and it may yet become a commercial asset.

But there is a liquid asset of the Winnipegosis region not ten miles from the railway, which might surely be turned to account with little delay and less risk. I mean the salt springs near the shore of Dawson Bay, straight east of Baden.

Indeed, I found on referring to the Annual Report of the Geological Survey for 1890–1891, that fifteen places are given as the principal points at which brine springs have been observed. Three miles north of where the Bell river flows into Lake Winnipegosis, I found a small brook flowing sixty gallons a minute, the water containing about six-sevenths of a pound of common salt to the gallon. It was therefore discharging about thirty-seven tons of salt for every twenty-four hours.

It will be news to most readers to be told that salt was produced from the Winnipegosis brine fifty years ago. James Monkman made salt at Swan river, Duck river, and at Salt Springs, four hundred yards from the lake. Many years ago the Hudson's Bay Company profitably manufactured salt at Swan river, when on the Red river the price of salt was twelve shillings a bushel—or one hundred weight of flour.

Monkman's works were of the most primitive description. When he found a spring he dug a hole five feet across and five feet deep with a couple of rough stone walls alongside, and a chimney at one end. On this construction he set his shallow kettles, and ladled in the brine to be evaporated by the wood fire below. When winter came the kettles were turned upside down where they were, and left there until business was resumed in the spring.

Professor Hind found that Monkman knew nothing of the use of the pump or of solar evaporation. The Winnipegosis brines are not so strong as those which come from the rock salt of Cheshire, and at present the cheapening of transportation to the prairies may have rendered them, for the time being, unprofitable. But I should not be surprised any day to learn that some enterprising manufacturer has appealed to the Government for the protection of a native product, with a view to satisfying Manitoba's needs from Manitoba's supplies.

In the salt country, too, there are rocks almost ideally suited for the manufacture of cement, and I found a large deposit of gypsum, from which presently, no doubt, the cornices of elegant homes will be manufactured.

On the banks of the Saskatchewan, near Lake Winnipeg, I found a beach, ten per cent. of the material of which was amber, of a good quality—not enough to make fortunes out of, so long as it is not convenient for transportation, but good enough to talk about and good enough to use.

I am often asked what I think of the mineral possibilities of the region beyond the Saskatchewan. The question is not susceptible to off-hand answer. The whole country should be thoroughly prospected. But that is matter for scientific discourse that is so much like work that I won't attempt it—at the end of a purely reminiscent talk.

"YOU KNOW, WILLIE," SAID HELEN, "A FELLOW CAN'T TRAVEL ON HIS SIZE IN HIS OWN FAMILY"

PAPA DODDS, SALESMAN

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

AS A matter of fact, Willie Fairchild was a decent enough sort of fellow personally and even if he had happened to have had a pull with the stork and been born rich, there was no particular reason why that should have counted against him. But it did. Papa Dodds, who in Willie's mind figured merely as the father of Helen Dodds and who, from the same standpoint, was a crude, uncultured sort of creature, had been rude enough to insinuate to his daughter that he didn't want any loafer "snoopin' " around after her and that Willie might as well make up his mind to get out before he was kicked out.

As for Willie, he felt as if he had come to the end of the world and was looking over. He could not deny the insinuation that he did nothing; yet, underneath it all, he knew that with half a chance he would have amounted to something on his own will instead of on his father's.

"You know, Willie," was the way Helen expressed it when she told him about it, "a fellow can't travel on his size in his own family. I stuck up for you hard and told papa that you were far better than most young men and religious and all that sort of thing; but he wouldn't pay any attention. He said he guessed your religious convictions consisted principally in attending church teas and that you'd have to do something before he would listen to you."

"Well," replied Willie manfully, "it seems to be up to me to toe in and pull some. Here's where I begin."

The following morning, Papa Dodds received a surprise. Just as he finished opening his mail, the boy brought him in a card. It bore the name of Willie Fairchild and a moment later was followed by Willie in person. With mind full of suspicion, Papa Dodds immediately steeled his heart for the coming interview.

"What is it?" he questioned coldly.

"I wanted to ask you,—I—er—I—that is," floundered Willie hopelessly.

"Of course you did," replied Papa Dodds in frosty accents. "Of course you did. And why don't you?"

Papa Dodds was quite certain that he knew what Willie wanted and was amused rather than otherwise at his efforts to get it out.

"Well, it's just this," finished Willie, at last recovering his voice, "I want a job,—to work at, you know,—a position, don't you see?"

Papa Dodds looked at him over his spectacles.

"Why," he ejaculated at last, "you haven't lost your money, have you?"

"No," said Willie. "But Helen said,—that is, you said,—I'd,—er—have to go to work you know; so I was just going to make a start right here with you." Willie finished with such a bland expression of satisfied innocence that Papa Dodds had not the heart to undeceive him.

"Um, um, um," he said slowly. Then, more gruffly he asked: "What can you do and how much do you want?"

Willie was puzzled.

"I don't know," he admitted candidly, replying to both questions with one answer. "I thought I'd like to go on the road and sell things for you. You see," he added apologetically, "I don't know much about office work."

Papa Dodds made a comment under his breath. Willie decided in his own mind that he was telling himself something that was not very nice.

"I'll give you six dollars a week, if you like," said Papa Dodds aloud.

And thus it was that Willie Fairchild went to sell teas, coffees and spices for Dodds & Co.

To give the devil his due, Willie worked hard. Of course, that is not saying that he sold much goods or that he did exceptionally well; but the times he fell down—and they were in the majority—were because of a lack of the necessary training and the fact that he was unused to the buffets of the cold, hard world. Incidentally, Dodds & Co. did not give him their very best customers to work on—not by a long shot; good customers are not to be trifled with thus.

Looking deeper, however, Papa Dodds noted the disposition that Willie showed and was secretly inclined to make allowance. But, although he had this sneaking respect for the effort Willie was making, he had no idea of letting it show on the surface.

At the end of two weeks, Papa Dodds who was a self made man himself, came to have a genuine admiration for the sturdy efforts of the youth who had called his bluff, and, at the close of the fortnight, came to the conclusion that Willie ought to have a fighting chance at least.

"For," mused Papa Dodds, "without anyone to help him, he is certainly up against the real thing now."

The consequence was that one Saturday afternoon, he called Willie into his private office.

"Fairchild," said Papa Dodds, "I don't think you are making as much progress as you might with a little instruction. For instance, I think perhaps you don't adopt just the correct method in going after customers and it seems to me that a little lesson in the proper way to approach a prospective buyer, might not be a bad thing. Therefore, on Monday morning when you come down, I want you to come right into my private office and canvass me hard,—hard, mind you. See if you can get my order for a good big amount. You needn't be afraid that I'll be too easy," he added, his eyes twinkling; "I'll give you all the customary objections and perhaps a few more."

When Willie awakened on Monday morning, it was with a feeling that trouble was brewing somewhere and the first idea that occurred to him was that a whiskey sour would steady his nerves. Then he remembered that Papa Dodds was the trouble he had to face and it suddenly occurred to him that he might be as well off without the Dutch courage. Hastily slipping out of bed, he dressed and started for the office.

Without a word to any of the clerks, he walked right into Papa Dodds' private sanctum.

Papa Dodds looked at him over his spectacles. Then he remembered his instructions of the Saturday previous and started to smile. But alas for poor Willie's hopes! Hardly had Papa Dodds put three questions to him before he was properly floored and at a loss to know what argument to use next. Papa Dodds, familiar with all the customers' quirks and evasions of the buyer, took the wind so completely out of his sails that it made him look like a balloon hitched to a suction pump.

PAPA DODDS DIDN'T WANT ANY LOAFER "SNOOPIN" AROUND AFTER HIS DAUGHTER

"Now," said Papa Dodds when he had completely nonplussed Willie, "this is to be a lesson, you know, and just to show you how to do it right, you are going to be the buyer for a few minutes and I the salesman. It's a good many years since I have been on the road myself; but I guess I still know a few of the old tricks."

Papa Dodds took off his hat and stood up. Willie sank languidly into the leather cushioned chair.

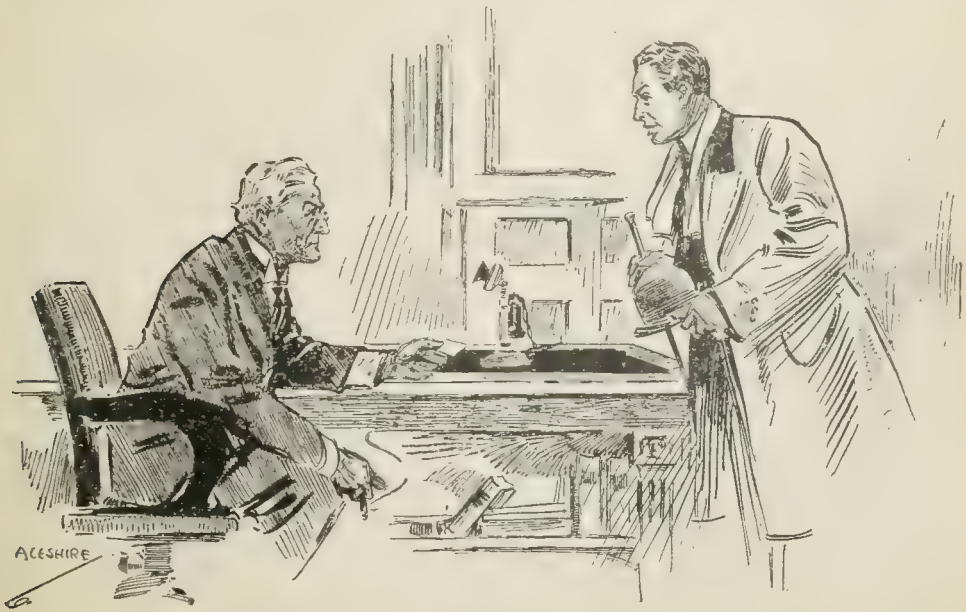
"Mr. Fairchild?" interrogated Papa Dodds briskly.

Willie placed his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and swelled up like a pompous buyer whom he had approached a few days before.

"I'm the man," he assented grandly, in much the same manner that he might have announced that he was "it".

"Anything in my line for you today?" continued Papa Dodds.

Willie paused and surveyed him meditatively. Then, while he was making up his mind to give Papa Dodds the customary "no," he was suddenly seized with the great idea of his life. Strange to say, he at once recognized it as the great idea of his life. Some men there are to whom opportunity comes and gets away before they can



WILLIE WALKED RIGHT INTO PAPA DODDS' PRIVATE SANCTUM

seize her; but not so Willie—he was meeting Opportunity face to face and intuition introduced him to her without saying a word.

For a moment, he was half appalled by the enormity of his thought and then, quickly making up his mind, he resolved to take a sporting chance and see what would come of it.

"I think there is," he said at last. "Yes," he went on, "I think so,—something directly in your line."

"Indeed!" Papa Dodds was disconcerted at this method of attack. "What will it be?"

"Do you guarantee all your products?" questioned Willie.

"Absolutely," said Papa Dodds.

"I was thinking of taking—" Willie stared thoughtfully out of the window.

"Yes?" said Papa Dodds, shortly. "Of taking what?" He strove to speak pleasantly in his assumed character of salesman; but try as he would, his voice was a trifle sharp. This thing was going beyond a joke.

"Your daughter!" Willie's tone was positively dreamy.

Papa Dodds suddenly sat down and then rose again as quickly as though he had discovered himself to be located on the business end of a tack.

"What!" The way Papa Dodds said it was more of a roar than anything else.

Realizing at last what he had done, Willie never turned a hair. Afterward he told Helen about it.

"I saw that the game was open before I knew it," he said, "and as I had only a small pair, I had to stand pat. If I drew cards, your father would have called my bluff and I would have lost the pot."

Papa Dodds was striding up and down the office.

"Yes," said Willie quietly, "we never buy anything but the best and I really don't know of anything better you have to offer. Of course, you understand, I am acting personally,—not on behalf of my firm."

Papa Dodds looked black and glared at Willie. Willie whipped out a cigarette and coolly lighted it.

"A joke's a joke, young man," said Papa Dodds angrily. "You're carrying things a little too far." He also said several other things which would not look very nice in print.

Willie never budged from his position. It was sink or swim now and he prepared for a sturdy effort to reach the shore.

"Mr. Dodds," he said slowly, "I'm not joking; I was never more serious in my life. I want to marry Helen. I've never told you this before,—partly because I knew you knew it and partly, I guess, because I was afraid. Besides, you know, Helen has told me what you think of me and—"

"I still think it," interjected Papa Dodds.

"No you don't, sir," smiled Willie pleasantly. "Not altogether. You may still say I don't do anything and all that sort of thing, don't you know; but you can't say any longer that I'm lacking in push and nerve."

Papa Dodds still glared. Willie had ceased smiling and had grown serious.

"I want her, sir," he said simply. "I don't suppose the showing I've made here prepossesses you any more in my favor; but if there's anything I can do to convince you, all you have to do is to say the word."

Papa Dodds stopped where he was walking. The anger had died out of his face and his eyes were half twinkling.

"Well," he said, playing the salesman again, "the price you offer for our goods seems very fair. Anything you can do, eh?" Then he became Papa Dodds once more. "You can hold your job," he went on. "I'll put you under Mr. Nixon, our sales manager, and if at the end of the year, he reports to me that you have made good, you can come back and talk to me again,—and perhaps to Helen as well. I may add that Helen seems to think well of your proposition."

"Thank you, sir," said Willie Fairchild.

"It's a great thing to have a pull, young man," said Papa Dodds.

AN AUTOMOBILE HOODOO

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE more I see of automobiles the better I like horses, and you may find a good and sufficient reason for this in my story. Listen!

My first experience with a whiz-wagon was in Winnipeg. I had always had a prejudice against the machine, but that may have been due to the fact that my most intimate knowledge of it was derived from efforts to get across Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, alive on a pleasant day. It was in Winnipeg that I first found myself looking at the question from the other point of view.

We started a little behind the rest of the party, and we swung into the main street at—. Well, I don't like to try to estimate the speed, but later I heard the chauffeur telephone police headquarters that he would send a cheque for his fine over by special messenger.

For the first five or ten minutes my heart made such leaps that it bumped against my closed teeth, and nothing but the fact that I kept my mouth shut enabled me to retain it for future use. During this time I was dreadfully afraid that we were going to run somebody down, but presently there came a feeling of exhilaration and I ceased to be interested in anything except speculations as to how far a pedestrian can jump in an emergency. I recall my contempt for some of them who fell far behind the records that I had made on Michigan Boulevard and the Lake Shore Drive.

This was Winnipeg, and it was comparatively barren of incident. At Saskatoon, however, I began to get an idea of what an automobile can do in the way of giving variety to life. I was assigned to a little car with a double seat in front and a single one behind—runabout, I think they called it. This one ran about thirty-five miles out into the country, and then quit. The sparker wouldn't spark or the clutch wouldn't clutch or the gasoline wouldn't gas or something of that sort. Anyhow, the runabout wouldn't runabout, so the chauffeur gave a blast upon his bugle-horn that brought the touring-car ahead of us back to the rescue. This proved to me that a horn may really be of some use, my previous experience having been that it was never honked in time to do anything but scare a pedestrian to death.

We passengers lay out on the prairie, in the hot sun, while the two chauffeurs tried to get the grit out of the oil or loosen up the gasoline or something of that sort. Finally, when we were properly baked, they gave up the job, and the touring car towed the runabout to Asquith, where we had a chance to inspect the exterior of all the eleven buildings while the chauffeurs, reinforced by a blacksmith and a wagon-maker, were trying to find out why the crankshaft wouldn't crank. But, so far as I know, they never learned, for we were ignominiously towed back to Saskatoon.

Dick,—never mind his other name—and I were elected to places in the runabout. It was very interesting. The dust was black and thick, and we got it all. I laughed until the tears ran as layer after layer of black was laid on Dick's face, and then I was sorry I let the tears run, for they made two startlingly white streaks down my otherwise black face. It was also exciting. When the touring-car slacked up for an unexpected bump we never could tell just how hard we would bang into it. We wrecked both our lamps within the first five miles, and there were several occasions when one or the other of us just missed being catapulted into the other car. Some-

thing of the automobile spirit that I had caught at Winnipeg seemed to die out at Saskatoon.

At Edmonton Dick and I had the back seat of a touring car. This car had a nice top with iron crossbars. I know they were iron because one of them stopped my skyward flight, incidentally giving me a nasty cut across the scalp, when we took a bump at thirty miles an hour. Dick, being about a foot taller than I am, had less distance in which to get up speed when we both started upward, so he suffered less damage. The crossbar or rib—I never can be sure of the name of anything connected with an automobile—shunted me back to the seat, which I reached just as we took another bump. I then tried to butt the man in front of me with my sore head, and, failing that, I unpremeditatedly hung myself so far over the side of the car that nothing but the fact that Dick clamped himself down on my feet kept me from going out into the road.

About a mile farther on the automobile quit. A little honking halted the car ahead, and we were transferred to that. The direction of Edmonton began to look pretty good to us now, and we were within ten miles of the place when the second car quit. Don't ask me what the trouble was. I don't know anything about automobile complaints; I only know that these two quit work without warning. We walked in.

At Calgary Dick refused to ride with me, and it was necessary to call for volunteers. Herbert, a brave young man, volunteered Then the chauffeur was instructed to keep within easy walking distance of the railway station. He laughed scornfully, but one of his back tires exploded with a sharp report within fifteen minutes. Then he began to wonder audibly what kind of a hoodoo I was.

At Medicine Hat no one would ride with me. They got a little one-seat machine for me and warned the chauffeur of the fate in store for him. He was as scornfully skeptical as the man at Calgary had been. That little machine, he said, was the most reliable thing of its kind in existence; it never had broken down, and it never would break down. It did very well, too. It lasted until we were hustling for the train, and then quit only two blocks from the station. I never did learn whether a plug blew out or the induction coil wouldn't induct, for I jumped out and ran for the car amid the hooting of those who had refused to ride with me.

We had horses at Regina, and horses never before looked so good to me. I am not a superstitious man—not at all—but I can't help thinking it means something when five out of six automobiles break down and one of them makes a human shuttlecock of me. Besides, uncertainty as to how I am going to get back always detracts from the pleasure of a ride for me.

THAT LESSON IN FINANCE

BY HELEN AVERY HARDY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

SHE wanted the hat, a fluffy pink thing that hung in the window of Mrs. Perkins' millinery establishment on Main Street. It was not serviceable; it could only be worn with a dainty frock such as she did not possess. Not one argument could she find in its favor, save that it was becoming to her, and she wanted it with all her young soul.

Her pink cheeks matched the fluffy material that hung and beckoned her in almost wicked fashion. Her brown hair had looked glossier, her eyes brighter in the shelter of the magic hat when she had glanced shyly at her reflection in the mirror while trying it on. One look called for two—two meant the saddest temptation of her life.

She had no money. Only two days before had that dreary conversation taken place between her worried, weary mother and herself when the die had been cast. No more was she to help in the dining room, laying the table cloth for the seven husky boarders, or wash out the napkins, or hem the table-cloths or sheets, or make beds—or—or—any of the things she had been doing since she had left school.

In a vague way she had known that some day she would go out in the world, but when or where had been so indefinite as to cause only a slight discomfort. Each year it had been put off because help was poor and she could not be spared, but things had been going badly, and Celia had to make a start.

HER PINK CHEEKS MATCHED THE FLUFFY HAT THAT BECKONED HER IN WICKED FASHION

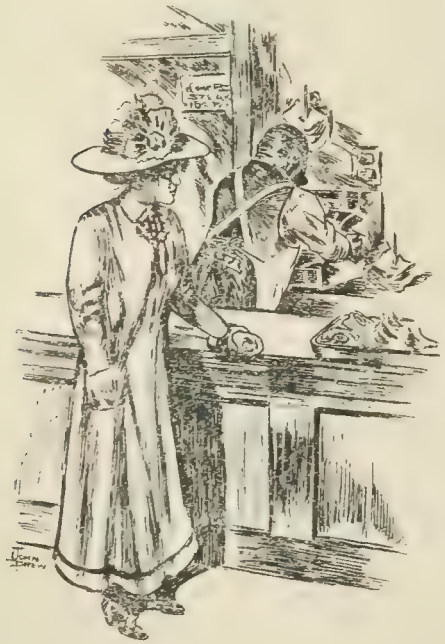
She had had no training and seemed to have no particular leaning toward any occupation. But she had the vast courage born of ignorance, so she had decided to make application to Mrs. Perkins. Millinery was pretty. She liked pretty things and had done fairly well at

trimming her own hats lately. But Mrs. Perkins needed customers, not help. That lady noticed Celia's eyes turned longingly toward the pink chiffon hat and it was not long before the dainty thing was perched on the young lady's head. Celia's strength of mind led her to beat a retreat before she had committed herself, but the wise milliner knew the hat was as good as sold.

"I'll put it away for you," she said, "so's it won't be common. Come in any day and get it, dearie. I won't show it to nobody."

"If I had a position I might ask Mrs. Perkins to wait until I could pay for it," she thought. But this seemed an unlikely plan, though she resolved to try it, if she succeeded in getting work. The village butcher shop and green-grocery combined were on her way home, and she had been cautioned to bring the meat for the evening meal. She hated the sight of the meat about the place and always begged off a trip there, if possible.

As she entered the shop reluctantly, the butcher, who had known her all her life, called out:



CELIA TURNED FROM THE SICKENING CONTEMPLATION OF BEEF, MUTTON AND PORK

"Hello, Celia! You're quite a stranger. Anything I can do for ye?"

She gave the order and was turning from her sickening contemplation of rows of beef, mutton and pork, when Mr. Gibbs asked:

"Don't know of a cashier I could get, do ye, Celia? Long hours and light pay, but thar's a chanst to work up to better money."

Celia surveyed the store, inwardly revolting. Then as in a vision, she saw the pink hat—in the box, in her hands, on her head!

"How would I do, Mr. Gibbs?" she inquired.

"Sure ye wouldn't mix up the change?"

She nodded, wondering if the pink hat would be compensation for this horror she had never been able to endure.

"Do ye reely want to work, Celia?" questioned the man.

"I've been looking for something, but I hadn't thought of this," she replied, dully.

"Come on back to the desk," he said, and led the way.

There the details were settled that put Celia in the way of the pink chiffon hat. She was to go to work the next week, getting half pay while learning. She hurried from the store and met the young dentist, Aleck Morton, just starting in business. He offered to carry her parcel and shyly asked if he might accompany her to the strawberry festival at the Baptist Church the next evening. Her acceptance was of so cordial a character as to cause a certain springiness in the young man's gait, while all she could take in was:

"Can I get the hat? How can I get it? A whole evening to show it to everybody! How can I get it? I *must!*"

As in a dream she stood at the gate of her home, listening to the confident tones of her escort, whose words meant nothing to her save a chiffon hat of pink and a girl, too happy for speech, wearing it. She told her good news to her mother in the hot kitchen where preserving was in progress, but not until after she had spoken of the festival. There was no hope of aid in

her mother's voice when she had said: "I've nothing to wear but my dotted swiss, but I'm going." The reply came like a splash from the kettle on the fire:

"If I hadn't the interest to pay on the mortgage on the house, you could have had a new muslin this spring. Mr. Parker has been awful patient, but I've got to meet it this time. I'm glad you've got a place. It'll help."

Celia felt all grasp of her future earnings slipping out of her hands. No hat! What should she do? Give it up? Go back and tell Mrs. Perkins she couldn't buy it? Sit at the strawberry festival hatless like her girlhood friends? No triumph, no certainty of looking—well, pretty—for the first time in her life? She was built of different stuff. She determined to have the hat, the triumph, the gratification. How?

Again her mother bemoaned the interest due reproaching herself for indulging Celia in music lessons for two terms, necessitating an outlay far beyond her means, resulting in a mortgage of the house to Frank Parker, shrewd lawyer and financial resort of the entire country.

Mrs. Larkin's nature was less self-reliant than that of her daughter. Indeed, Celia "favored" her father, the family said, in that she made decisions quickly, usually without any grave errors in judgment. Celia's father had studied law, but had answered the call of his country and had returned to his home at the end of the Boer war a cripple. He taught in the High School until his death a year later, leaving the house and a small life insurance to his widow and daughter.

Every advantage Celia could be given the father had slaved to gain for her, and the mother tried to follow his example though the good woman never succeeded in maintaining silence when once an outlay had been made. Celia listened to the regrets and further determined, not only to possess the hat, but any other thing she needed hereafter, even if she had to borrow as her mother had done.

Into her mind, as she set the table, the name of Frank Parker intruded itself as the means to the purchase of the hat. When the boarders were seated and served, she went into the kitchen and announced:

"Mother, I'm going out for half an hour. Leave the dishes. I'll wash them when I come back."

Before there was time for remonstrance she had left the house and was

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE CAME STRUGGLING INTO FRANK PARKER'S HEART

on her way to the little one-story frame law office of Frank Parker.

He was sitting at his desk, a self-contained, middle-aged man, his hair slightly gray. The small kerosene lamp at his elbow was the only light in the dingy room. Celia had known him by sight always, occasionally a greeting had been exchanged when he had not been too preoccupied to see the animated face upraised to his. Through her mother's dealings with him she felt sure of an audience at any rate, on business.

She was not at all shy, or at all backward in stating her need. As he looked up and half rose at her impetuous entrance, she said easily:

"Don't get up, Mr. Parker. I want to talk to you."

He drew a chair forward into the circle of light, placed his cigar carefully on the edges of the desk, and asked:

"About the mortgage? I'm afraid the interest——"

"No," she interrupted, "that's all right. This is my own affair. Will you lend me a small amount of money?"

A puzzled smile ran across his lips.

"Any security?" he questioned.

"Security?" she repeated, almost helplessly. "What security would you want? I'm so ignorant of these things, but I want the money. I didn't know——"

"You didn't know that the lender wants some certainty of the return of his money?"

"The interest," she said, quickly. "I thought that covered everything. I'll pay interest. I expected to."

"Of course," he replied, gravely, "but there are several things I must consider before lending money. First, what chance do I stand of getting it back? Next, what am I to have as security in case the loan is not paid? Is that security good? Fourth, for how long a time am I to let you have it?"

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know it was so hard to borrow when I am willing to pay interest."

"Suppose you tell me more about it," he said, kindly. "We'll get at it quicker that way. There's much you don't seem to know about borrowing and lending."

"There's lots I don't know about many things, but I'm going to learn, Mr. Parker. This may sound silly to you, but I want to buy something to wear to-morrow night. I am practically pledged to take it—and it's so lovely. I am to go as cashier in Mr. Gibbs' butcher shop next week, but as the interest on the mortgage is due, I must hand over all I make the first week to mother. While I am learning, Mr. Gibbs only pays me half salary. I thought of you. Will you lend it to me?"

"How long will you want it?" he questioned, as he studied the end of a pen he had taken in his hand.

"Not less than two months," she replied. "I can pay you in that time."

"Suppose you don't hold your position with Gibbs. How then am I to be paid?"

She gasped.

"Listen. Much as I hate the sight of the meat, I'll stay if for no other reason than to pay you," and she shuddered as she spoke.

He laughed indulgently and said:

"You must have set your heart on this——"

As he hesitated, she timidly supplied the name of the object of her desire.

"Hat, Mr. Parker. Just a hat, but I've never seen anything so lovely in my life. I don't suppose you understand, but I want it."

"You must if you will stand the sight of the meat. I remember your father told me nothing would make you go inside of Gibbs' shop when a little bit of a tot. I don't quite understand it now. I don't believe you will be able to endure it even for a lovely hat."

"You are laughing at me. I wish I hadn't told you anything about it, except that I wanted the money."

She was almost in tears and Frank Parker grew nervous. Suppose she cried? What should he do? He reassured her as quickly as possible.

"I'm not laughing. I'm glad you told me. I know now what prospect there is for your repaying me. Now, what security can you offer?"

Her sense of humor came to the rescue and saved them from a scene.

"You can have the hat except when I wear it," she retorted, laughing.

He joined in the turn against himself, and said:

"You should study law, Miss Celia. You can turn a weapon to your own advantage. I'm afraid I couldn't hold the hat as security without everybody in town knowing of this transaction. Am I right in believing that you wouldn't care for that?"

"It's the last thing in the world I'd want known," she replied, fervently. "I don't know what I have to offer as security."

Something new came struggling into Frank Parker's heart—an interest outside of law, loans and real estate transactions. He wondered how she'd look if he—if she were given the money as a loan. He wished it might not be of so impersonal a nature—this matter.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. The hat must be the security, though left in your care. Of course, we couldn't realize a cent on it."

"What!" she cried. "Do you mean to sell it?"

"Not unless you can not meet the payment. You can come in to see me when you have bought the hat, and I'll know how good my security is."

She nodded, a vision of anticipation shutting out the smile on the face of the grave man watching her in wonder that so small a thing as a hat should so satisfy a woman.

"When can I have it?" she asked, breathlessly.

"How much do you want?" he returned.

She named the sum. He smiled again, the smile this time remaining among her mental pictures to be a pleasure always.

"Do you want it now?" he asked, hoping he would not be disappointed in the revelation of delight he expected.

She looked at him with tears in her eyes as she almost whispered:

"Yes."

He discovered himself wishing he might hear that word—but pshaw! What a fool he was! He laid the money in her hand, counting it slowly, the operation consuming considerable unnecessary time.

"When are you coming to show me the security?"

"As soon as I get it—to-morrow," she replied. "Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Parker. I know this must seem childish to you. I should have been—well, very much disappointed if you had refused. Don't say anything about it, will you?"

"No," he said, with a strange light in his eyes. "We'll keep this a secret. It's not a regular transaction and I'd be overrun with such applications if it were known."

She held out her hand, as she remarked impulsively:

"I didn't think you'd be so nice. I was almost afraid to come. I'm glad I did, now."

"So am I," he acknowledged. "Good-night. See you to-morrow."

He followed her to the door and stood there watching her as she passed up the village street under the elms, her white dress gleaming in the occasional street lights. He roused himself and said aloud:

"Why didn't I walk home with her? Get back to work, you idiot, and forget her bright eyes—— My cigar's out and I have not a match left."

Nevertheless, he stopped at the side of the chair she had occupied and felt again the thrill of the queer little surcharged syllable, "Yes."

"The hat," he murmured. "I'll see her to-morrow when she brings the security. Here, this won't do," he scolded. "I'm too old to be upset in this way by a girl I've never even noticed before."

He quickly put out the lamp, locked his office door and went to the hotel, his home. The young dentist, with rather more than usual interest in Celia's doings since her flattering joy as to his escort to the festival, had noticed the girl's visit to Parker's office. When that individual appeared on the hotel porch, he hailed him:

"Hello, Frank! Didn't I see Miss Larkin leave your office awhile ago?"

A sound that might mean "yes," or "no," or "Go to the devil," was the reply. Young Morton continued:

"You needn't get huffy. I just thought she was going to do some copying for you."

Parker swung on his heel as if a

sudden pleasant thought had come to him.

"Nosey young fool!" he said to himself. "She doesn't want this known. But that's a good explanation of her visit to my office." To Morton, he answered:

"I'm thinking about it. Going in? No? Good-night."

As he lay awake that night staring at the moon, he asked himself: "Why should I be annoyed?" Why should the moonbeams recall the light in her eyes as she thanked him? He must stop this—this nonsense, he declared, battling with habit, against inclination, against something bigger, stronger than his mind had ever coped with.

His first official act next day was to write a short, curt, business-like note, asking Celia to call early the next week for some documents he wished to have copied. She was overjoyed, for her ingenuity was taxed as to an explanation of the hat. How could she carry such a parcel to his office? After the festival, she could wear it as if by accident to show it to him. This made it easy.

Mr. Parker was just lovely and she liked him more and more. She decided to go in the evening for the documents, and wear the new hat. There was much pleasure in the thought. Surely he would like it. How clever he was to have thought of such a way out of the situation. She would tell him all this when she saw him.

The hat was the thing of beauty she had described when it was safely in her hands next morning. She knew it was more than becoming. She had the delightful certainty that it made her look pretty, something she had never experienced before. Would Mr. Parker —Well, it was far more important that he should like the hat than that Aleck Morton should express an opinion upon it.

She and the structure on her head created the sensation she had anticipated. Indeed, some of the feelings it aroused in outspoken Homeville circles caused Aleck Morton to keep Celia far away from the neighborhood of old Mrs. Granville, who would have been ducked in a bygone generation as a "butter-in." This lady promised to speak her mind plainly to Celia Larkin "about that slimpsy-looking thing on her head. The idea! Her mother slavin' in that hot kitchen to keep an overgrown, supercilious slip of a girl in expensive, vain-glorious hats like *that!* It was high time somebuddy told 'em the truth. It was scand'lous, that's what it was!"

Vainly Celia looked for Frank Parker, though she knew that he never attended such merrymakings. The thought of Celia was in Frank's mind as he rode through the soft summer evening to the country seat, his eyes on the fading of the sunset glow, which to him held the same tint as Celia's cheeks.

"I'm thinking too much of silly things," he said, with a jerk of the reins, and—went back to the contemplation of nature as he realized it now in Celia.

Celia was too full of beatific gratification to heed the low rumble of thunder or the occasional flashes of lightning that were faintly visible through the closed shutters of the festival hall. As she stepped out into the night, the heavens claimed even less of her attention. Morton heard some fussy old person predicting a shower, but, he too, was sailing on a cloudless sea of bliss, too bright to be disturbed, for Celia's hand was on his arm.

Before either was aware of any cause for alarm, the rain began to fall in torrents.

"My hat!" Celia shrieked in agony Aleck Morton had no clue to the tragedy in her heart as she realized the dreadful damage that must come to her precious headgear. Fragile as it was, she knew it had no chance. She stopped. There was a long delay while she searched for hat-pins. When the hat was at last off, a sad-looking object, she found Aleck's coat over her shoulders.

"My hat!" was all she could say. "Why didn't you put it over my hat?"

"I didn't think of it and it doesn't matter so much about your hat as it does about you, Celia," he replied, as tenderly as he could between the crash of thunder and the patter of the rain.

Time dimmed Celia's bitter chagrin, but when she pictured herself telling

Frank Parker, she shrank from the ordeal. She took to study in the evenings. Her father's books on philosophy were not interesting at first, but she determined to improve herself that such a necessity as she had felt might, in the future, be met by her own knowledge and resources.

At last she came across Blackstone, and one evening, in a document sent her by Parker to copy, she discovered a flaw. On the margin of the paper she penciled a note to him, asking if he would not send corrected copy back at once. He paced the floor of his small office after dismissing her messenger with a reply of thanks and a request that she call to see him at once.

Celia hurried to the office and met Frank on his fiftieth trip to the door to see if she was coming.

"You wanted me?" she said, confused at having so little time for preparation. This wasn't as she had intended their meeting at all.

Her question shook his composure. "Wanted her?" Yes, he knew now he wanted her and had since first she had appeared in his office.

"Come in," he said. "What about this document? How did you come to find the error?"

She sat down guiltily, and said:

"I've been reading my father's books when not engaged at the store or in copying your legal papers. It happened that I had just finished that point in Blackstone before you sent me this document, so the subject was quite fresh in my mind. I saw the error and thought it only right to call it to your attention. Was I wrong?"

"Wrong? My dear Ce—Miss Larkin—do you know what it would have cost me if I had filed this?"

"No," she answered simply, "but I couldn't bear to have you make any mistake."

His lips went white. He looked at her closely. Her eyes met his without flinching.

"No," he told himself. "It's too open and frank to be anything more than ordinary duty. Just as a man would have said it. But oh! if it might have been—if she had only cared a little." After a pause he asked:

"Why did you choose Blackstone as reading matter?"

"I told you I meant to learn things, and I am doing the best I can with what I have in hand."

"WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT IT OVER MY HAT?" WAS ALL SHE COULD SAY

"How are you getting on at Gibbs'?" he inquired.

"Very well," she replied, "at least, I hope so." Then in a meek tone, she went on. "I'll soon be able to pay you, with the copying I've done."

He frowned:

"I didn't ask because of the money. I asked because—because, I thought you might prefer to—to come here—to me—" he faltered as she gave him a startled glance.

"You might take care of the office when I must be away—copy the documents here,—or study law, if you like."

She sat silent, her heart too full of gratitude for speech, and she knew she would cry in another minute. He offered relief from the sights which sickened her in the shop. He was sorry for her. She couldn't stand that when she had broken her word to him, had not even had the decency to explain.

At last, looking down at her hands in her lap, she said:

"You won't want me when—when I've told you what I've done."

"What you've done? That sounds dreadful."

"It was. But I couldn't tell you—I—"

He smiled, a queer little smile, and sat down before her.

"Tell me," he said. "Perhaps it isn't so dreadful as you imagine."

"Well," she began, with a sob. "I got the hat."

"Oh," he interrupted. "The hat. The security, you mean."

"Yes, the security," she said, with a tear ready to fall.

He hoped there might be reason for more comfort, so sweet he found it to minister to her woe.

"I got it and wore it to the festival," she said at last, with an effort. "Do you remember how it rained that night?"

He remembered, his eyes told her, when she lifted hers, but there was more to tell, so back to her hands went her gaze, back to the tiny baby ring on her little finger that needed much twisting.

"The hat was ruined. I couldn't even bring it to show you, and I had intended wearing it to let you see how beautiful it was, to convince you that I was not so foolish as it seemed to borrow the money to buy it. I was so—so—I couldn't talk about it for such a long time that I was ashamed to come then."

Her head sunk lower, the tiny baby ring flew out of her nervous grasp, the tears coming faster and faster. Frank located the ring and reached over for the hand on which it was to be placed, asking tenderly:

"Was that all?"

"Yes," she whispered, allowing her hand to remain in his.

The whisper upset all his habits of bachelorhood, his resistance to the curls on her neck that were traps for him.

"Celia," he began awkwardly, "if I say all that doesn't matter ——"

"But it does," she sobbed. "And now, of course, you won't want me. I'd love to come here, but I can't until I've paid all that money. You see I didn't keep my word, and you can't want me."

"I do want you, Celia. And when I think it over—I've been doing nothing else but think of you since first you came here, but I didn't know it until now. Celia, I'm awfully afraid—I love you."

His hands were on both of hers, and as she struggled very faintly for release, she looked over her shoulder through the open door into the night, and whispered:

"The door is open."

Frank reached the door in an instant, closed it, and turned to catch her in his arms.

"Do you care for me just a little, Celia?"

He listened carefully for the sibilant syllable which came as his lips met hers.

MRS. RICHARD HARDISTY, SENIOR

MRS. A. C. RUTHERFORD
Wife of the Premier of Alberta

MRS. N. D. BECK

THE WOMEN OF EDMONTON

BY GERTRUDE E. SETON THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT IS only four years since the province of Alberta had its birth and the city of Edmonton became its capital and seat of government. The inauguration ceremonies attracted many interested visitors to the city, and the assemblage was made one of quite historic interest by the presence of the newly elected members of Parliament and notabilities from Ottawa who came to look with the indulgent eye of an elder brother upon the debut of the youngest member of the family. On that day Edmonton emerged from the old, tranquil, dreamy life of a Hudson's Bay trading-post to that state of aggressive energy, ambition and boundless optimism which has since rendered its progress so remarkable. Many Easterners began to move in, attracted by the chances for business and money-making in a coming metropolis, and not only Easterners, but Americans from almost every state in the union, Britons from over-seas, and a sprinkling of foreigners.

Edmonton to-day has a society that is strikingly cosmopolitan, and it is to this that it largely owes its charm. At a representative social gathering one might meet people who had previously lived in any of Great Britain's colonies India, Australia, New Zealand, or in Japan, China, California, London, the Orkneys, New York, Russia and other European centres. This northern city which stretches along the mighty Saskatchewan indeed contains all the elements that make the social life in any great city so much looked up to and imitated by the surrounding country. It is true that some of the old-timers lament the change that has hurricaned upon their town, doing

MRS. GEORGE HEDLEY VICARS BULYEA
Wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta

MRS. LANE MRS ARTHUR MURPHY MRS. RICHARD HARDISTY, JUNIOR

away with much of the cosy informality that used to obtain. But this was inevitable, and is the sure sign of growth from a hamlet to a city—from a trading post to a capital.

It has been remarked that in Edmonton comparatively few old people are seen. This is because it is the young and active who have obeyed the call of the West, and society is consequently to a great extent composed of young married people. Another fact interesting to note is that wealth, instead of being in the possession of a few families, seems generally distributed, so that everyone appears prosperous, lives comfortably and enjoys life. In fact conditions as they exist in Edmonton to-day approach the ideal. There is little or no rivalry in entertainment or dress. The representative people are cultured and well-bred, and are unfettered with many of the tiresome obligations of wealth or the cumbersomeness of social life in the East. The young matrons, representing nearly every city on the continent, are not only attractive in dress, bearing and looks, but almost without exception, put the ideal of home before any claims that society may have on them. They are mothers and home-makers first and society women afterwards.

Edmontonians know how to enjoy life. In the winter numerous dances, skating, curling, sleighing, teas, bridges, luncheons and little dinners fill the days and nights. In the summer many betake themselves to lake or mountain to enjoy a thorough rest, those remaining in the capital finding their pleasure on the golf links, tennis courts, or in country rides and drives, while informal verandah teas are quite general.

MRS. GEORGE HARCOURT

For four years Mrs. Bulyea, as the chief lady of the province, has presided over Government House in a gracious and womanly way that has won her a warm place in the hearts of those she has welcomed. Prominent in every movement for helping the poor or improvident, responsive to every appeal

MRS. J. H. VON HAAST

MISS ETHEL WEBSTER

MRS. DUNCAN SMITH

for the betterment of humanity, Mrs. Bulyea can be described as a woman of progressive and benevolent mind.

Mrs. Rutherford, wife of the Premier of Alberta, is a woman of much sweetness of nature. She is devotedly attached to her two children, and is mistress of a delightful home. Mrs. Rutherford interests herself most actively in the various forms of church work and charitable enterprises.

Another woman whose ready sympathy and help can always be relied upon is Mrs. John McDougall, who takes a prominent part in charitable work. Mrs. Tory is a new-comer, but she is also identifying herself with Edmonton's many interests. Her husband is president of the University of Alberta.

Mrs. Harrison Young and Mrs. Richard Hardisty are daughters of the late Rev. George McDougall, a pioneer missionary of the West, and were the first white women to reside in Edmonton. Both sisters married Hudson's Bay Factors. In those days a Hudson's Bay Factor occupied a position similar to an army officer, and held supreme command over his own particular territory. Mrs. Richard Hardisty with her late husband, who was the Chief Factor, dispensed in their official residence, the "Big House," a gracious hospitality that was long remembered by many guests, among whom were people of distinction from two continents. To-day Mrs. Hardisty occupies an honoured position in Edmonton social life. Her two sons, fine stalwart men, have within the last few years brought brides to Edmonton, and the young wives found a large circle to welcome them. A recent bride, Mrs. Richard Hardisty, Junior, is a beautiful young woman of statuesque appearance, a Kentuckian by birth and possessed of an unusually fine voice.

MISS KATHERINE HUGHES

Mrs. Percy Hardisty is a granddaughter of the late Sir Oliver Mowat, once Lieutenant Governor of Ontario. Mrs. Braithwaite is another of those who by long residence in Edmonton can claim the

title of old-timer. Dr. and Mrs. Braithwaite's handsome house built in solid, plain style, is one of the most admired homes in the city. Noticeable for her great love of animals, Mrs. Braithwaite recently founded the Edmonton Humane Society. Her fine open countenance and hearty manner are an index to her sterling qualities.

Mrs. Wilson, like Mrs. Braithwaite, is a woman of wide sympathies, and she also takes an active part in charitable work.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy has not long been a resident of Edmonton, but her influence is already felt in many directions. She is a well-known book critic and writer, and is to the fore in various projects, philanthropic and literary, of a progressive and upward trend. Socially, too, Mrs. Murphy is an acquisition. Belonging to a clever family that has numbered some distinguished men, Mrs. Murphy is noted for her quick wit and readiness of speech.

Another literary woman, a Vice-President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, is Mrs. Balmer Watt, whose writings in the "Saturday News," her husband's paper, are racy, lively and vigorous. A sense of humor underlies all she writes and tinctures her conversation. Mrs. Watt is decidedly popular. Her individuality is of the kind that can both amuse and stimulate.

Among those whom the lure of Edmonton has attracted is Miss Jean Forsyth, a sterling musician and singer of charm and cultivation. Strangers are apt to enquire "Who is that distinguished looking woman that you see going about with her dogs?" Miss Forsyth's love for dogs is a dominant note in her character; Another is her intensely humorous turn of mind. Her bright wit and individualistic sayings make her much sought for. Miss Forsyth recently produced an opera ("Patience") conducting it herself, a feat that no other woman in the West has ever achieved.

MISS JEAN FORSYTH
"Berry" and "Zip"

Mrs. Cross, wife of Hon. C. W. Cross, Attorney General for Alberta, is petite and dainty in style and dresses in charming taste. In company with her distinguished husband she travels a great deal. During the winter season Mrs. Cross gives entertainments that are noted for their elegance. Her social duties do not interfere with her home life, and she is a devoted mother to her three children.

Mrs. Hobson, her sister, a pretty brunette, graduated before her marriage from the University of Toronto with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Mrs. Sydney Woods, wife of Deputy Attorney General Woods, is a young matron of much charm and individuality. She possesses two beautiful children, a clever husband, an artistic home, and is a happy and admired woman.

Mrs. Bowker is a bride who before her marriage last summer was Miss Kathleen Kirchhoffer of Ottawa and Brandon. As Miss Kirchhoffer she visited many notable homes in England, and much admiration was evoked by her bright, piquant personality. Mrs. Bowker is musical and literary, and has contributed to various magazines.

One of Edmonton's prettiest young

married women is Mrs. Nightingale, whose type of beauty is a most uncommon one—girlish and particularly graceful. Mrs. Swaisland is also greatly admired, her face showing much sweetness of expression combined with archness.

Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald, a daughter of the late Senator Kerr, of Cobourg, was previous to her marriage a popular girl at Ottawa. She is a fine tennis player, an expert whip and a most enthusiastic gardener. Her husband is a grand-nephew of John Macdonald of Garth, one of the three men who founded Fort Augustus of Edmonton in 1798.

A charming pair of sisters of highly cultivated and artistic tastes who also claim Ottawa as their girlhood's home are Mrs. Calderon and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

A striking type of blonde beauty is Mrs. Roy, wife of Senator Roy. Mrs. Roy was born in the West, and is a grand-daughter of the late Hon. John Young, in whose honour a statue was recently erected in Montreal.

Mrs. Duncan-Smith is another fair woman who is greatly admired. Her fine physique, mobile expressive features and eyes of vivid blue represent an uncommon type of beauty.

MRS. W. CLARK BOWKER
nee Kathleen Kirchhoffer

Mrs. Cautley, whose home before her marriage was in Toronto, has identified herself with progressive movements of various kinds. To her is due the credit of founding the Creche, a flourishing institution, and as president of the local branch of the National Council of Women she has shown marked executive ability. Mrs. Cautley has written a number of clever stories and articles

MRS. DONALD WALTER MACDONALD
With Kathleen and Garth MacDonald

A familiar figure in Edmonton is a little woman of erect bearing, rather absorbed expression and an air of quiet determination. Mrs. Scarlett-Synge is a grand-daughter of the General Scarlett who led the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, and a daughter of the late Lord Abinger. Her mother, nee Miss Helen Magruder, was a beauty, and the first American girl to become a British peeress. Mrs. Synge is a doctor of medicine, and formerly practised in South

MRS. BALMER WATT

Africa and Corea, at which latter place she was attached to the royal household as physician. An interesting fact to here record is that at the famous ball given in honor of the Prince of Wales, our present King, in Montreal some forty years ago, General Scarlett, the father of Dr. Synge, opened the ball with Miss Young, now Lady Aylmer, as his partner.

Mrs. Bremner belongs to a popular family that came to Edmonton a decade ago. Her husband owns a thousand acre ranch at Clover Bar, where they raise thorough-bred horses and dogs, and Mrs. Bremner in the riding season often covers the sixteen miles to Edmonton on horseback.

Mrs. Beck, wife of the Hon. N. D. Beck, is a sister of that brilliant priest, Father Teefy of Toronto. Mrs. Beck is domestic in her tastes, practical, philanthropic and energetic.

Mrs. Ferris, who has held various executive offices, and is at present

MADAME P. E. LESSARD

MRS. SYDNEY B. WOODS

MRS. J. D HYNDMAN

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL MRS. W. D. FERRIS MRS. GEORGE STOCKAND

Regent of the Daughters of the Empire, is a warm-hearted woman whose good judgment and common sense make her services particularly valuable. She is a graduate of the University of Toronto. Mrs. Riddell, wife of the principal of Alberta College, is also noted for her charity and kindness of heart, and is generally liked.

Mrs. Hislop and Mrs. Anderson are two pretty and popular young daughters of the Honourable Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior.

Mrs. J. D. Hyndman is a daughter of Sir Louis Davies. She is pretty, vivacious and a clever amateur actress.

The name of Miss Katherine Hughes has appeared on numerous bright articles and on a clever book, a biography of the late Archbishop O'Brien, her uncle. Miss Hughes came west to do newspaper work about three years ago, and a year ago accepted the position of Provincial Archivist, a post for which she is well fitted. Miss Hughes' genial nature and sunny optimism have made her many friends in Edmonton. Doubtless in the future

MRS. J. C. C. BREMNER

MRS. W. LINES

her name will be widely known in the world of letters.

Three handsome sisters, though differing in type, are Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Lane, daughters of Sheriff Robertson.

Mrs. Harcourt, wife of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, is a pretty and attractive young matron, whose hospitality, vivacity and brightness have made her very popular. Mrs. Stockand is another pretty young woman of individuality and charm.

Mrs. Harwood, daughter of a Boer gentleman, is a brilliant pianist. She is a friend of Mrs. Botha, wife of the famous Boer general.

Mrs. Von Haast and Mrs. Lister are picturesque young women, the first a New Zealander, the second from England. Mrs. von Haast's husband is a son of Sir Julius von Haast, German Consul-General for New Zealand, and Mrs. Lister's husband is a nephew of the famous scientist, Lord Lister.

There is an attractive French coterie in Edmonton. Madame Côté is a delightful amateur pianist. Madame Delavault is a pretty young matron from Paris, France. Madame Lessard, also French, was born in the West. She has a circle of intimate friends, is fond of home life and devotes herself to her two little ones.

Within the last few months several brides have come to make their home in Edmonton and add to its reputation as the city of young matrons. Mrs. J. K. Cornwall, whose husband is one of the strong men of the north, and quite a celebrity throughout the West, is a western girl, having been born at the coast. Of exceedingly attractive appearance, Mrs. Cornwall impresses one with having a decided personality of her own. She is girlish, fun-loving,

DR. ELLA SYNGE
On "Goldie"

MRS. JOE MORRIS MRS. B. J. SAUNDERS MADAME J. L. COTE

fond of simple, unconventional pleasures, and altogether an acquisition to Edmonton.

Mrs. Wilfred Harrison and Mrs. Hugh Campbell are also attractive recruits to the ranks of young matrons.

The recent marriage of Miss Constance Rhodes to Mr. William Lines transformed one of the girlish belles of Edmonton to a beautiful young matron. Mrs. Lines is very young—it is only two seasons since she left school. Her beauty is derived from regular features of the English type, soft chestnut hair, a lovely complexion and splendid physique. It is not hard to account for her good looks on seeing her mother, Mrs. Rhodes, who is a woman of stately presence.

A popular woman in Edmonton is Mrs. Joseph Morris, whose verve, dash and vivacity may always be counted upon to make things go. Mrs. Morris' home is a centre of social gaiety and brightness.

Mrs. Saunders, wife of Major Saunders of the Alberta Mounted Rifles, who is of United Empire Loyalist descent, has held some important executive positions, such as president of the Hospital Aid, and president of the Local Council of Women. Mrs. Saunders is now president of the Daughters of the Empire.

MRS. R. PERCY BARNES

Mrs. Emery claims Scotland as her childhood's home, and in her warm, genuine hospitality and home-loving nature her friends recognize the tpyical qualities of that land. Mrs. Herbert Dawson, her cousin, is a fine open-hearted woman of individuality and humor.

Miss Ethel Webster, who is prominent in Edmonton musical circles, returned recently from abroad after a two years'course of study. Miss Webster possesses

a fine voice, has a most attractive stage appearance and is a social favorite.

Mrs. Turnbull, whose husband is manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has from the time of her arrival in Edmonton taken her place as one of the capital's premier hostesses. Mrs. Williamson Taylor is another hospitable woman who is past mistress of the art of entertaining.

Mrs. Barnes, a whole-hearted Englishwoman, is devoted to out-door life. She is president of the Women's Curling Club, a flourishing and enjoyable institution. Mrs. Barnes also organized the Church Embroidery Guild, and under her capable direction some beautiful work has been done and presented to All Saints' Church.

Among other young matrons who possess charming homes and are popular are Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Slocock, Mrs. T. W. Lines, Mrs. Secord, and Mrs. Bowers, who sings charmingly and who is very generous in giving her services to every cause of charity.

FOR ANOTHER YEAR

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

NOTE:—James Moore, the oldest miner in British Columbia, at the age of 77, will hit the trail again in search of gold.—Daily paper.

YOUNGSTER, my hair has long been gray,
Youngster, my sight is dim,
My hand is gnarled with the grip of time
But I seek the rainbow's rim.
I've heard the call of the open trail
Soft and far, but clear—
And, to-morrow I go, as I have to go,
To serve for another year.

Youngster, the longing never dies,
Youngster, the heart lives on,
E'en when the step is weak and slow
And the bloom of youth is gone
My cheek is pale, my step is slow,
But the long, low call I hear,
And to-morrow I go, as I have to go,
To serve for another year.

Youngster, the smell of the pine is good,
The wild hill torrent's roar
Is the sweetest sound a man can hear
Who has heard it oft before.
I've lingered long in the city's din
But the call has reached my ear,
And to-day I go, as I have to go,
To serve for another year.

MONCKTON OF QUEBEC

BY G. F. MONCKTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

GENERAL THE HON. ROBERT MONCKTON, who was second in command at the battle of Quebec and was the officer commanding the army when the city actually surrendered, had been for several years connected with military operations in North America. He was born in 1727, and in 1754 held the rank of Colonel and was Governor of Annapolis Royal. By direction of Lawrence, governor of Nova Scotia, he attacked the fort of Beauséjour and captured it in 1755. From this strong position, protected in the rear by vast forests and concealed to some extent by forest in front, the French had harried the English settlers who were trying to develop Nova Scotia. On June 28, 1755, Lawrence wrote:

"The French fort of Beauséjour surrendered to Lieut.-Col. Monckton on the 16th inst., and the next day a small fort upon the river Gaspereau running into the Bay Verte, where the French had their principal magazine for supplying the French inhabitants and Indians, surrendered. In these forts were found a quantity of provisions, and stores of all kinds, of which Lieut.-Col. Monckton has not yet had time to transmit me a particular account. I therefore enclose you the terms of capitulation. Nothwitstanding the fort at Beauséjour had 26 pieces of cannon mounted, they surrendered after four days' bombardment, before we even mounted a single cannon upon our batteries. Our loss on this occasion is very inconsiderable, not above twenty killed and as many wounded. At Col. Monckton's first arrival the French had a large number of inhabitants and Indians, 450 of which were posted in a block-house which they had on their side of the river Messaquash to defend the pass of that river. Here they had thrown up a strong breastwork of timber for covering their aim and had cannon mounted in the block-house. At this place they made a stand for about an hour, but were forced with our troops at some loss, leaving their block-house and the pass of the river clear for our people, who marched without further interruption to the ground intended for their encampment. As we had not men enough to invest the fort entirely, several got clear away and when the fort surrendered there remained 150 regulars and 300 inhabitants, several of which with their officers were wounded. We do not yet exactly know the number that were killed in the fort, but we believe that their loss has not been trifling, as several lay half buried on the parade. Colonel Monckton is proceeding to the forts of St. John's River which I flatter myself will give him very little trouble as their main strength, which was Beauséjour, is gone. He likewise has my orders to leave a garrison in that fort as it is infinitely better than ours, as well for situation as for strength. The deserted French inhabitants are delivering up their arms. I have given him orders to drive them out of the country at all events. . . . I cannot close my letter to you, sir, without taking notice how much I am obliged to Lieut.-Col. Monckton's military skill and good conduct for our success at Beauséjour."

The fort on the Bay Verte was called Fort Monckton, now the city of Moncton, and Beauséjour he renamed Fort Cumberland. Previous to this victory the British had suffered a series of disasters in North America culminating in the defeat of Braddock, almost the sole exception up to this date being the success of Sir W. Johnson. Monckton was now charged by Lawrence with the expatriation of the Acadians, a job for which he appears to have had no liking, as he left it to his subordinate, Winslow, and the New England contingent of his forces. It is but fair to mention in justice to Lawrence and to correct a popular error, that except as far as the Acadians suffered in being torn from the country they had adopted, it is doubtful whether any hardships were endured by them. They were settled in what are now the Southern States, where their descendants are found to this day.

Longfellow's *Evangeline* was only founded upon a plot for a romance invented by Hawthorne which had no foundation in fact, and they were seri-

ously implicated in the massacres of the English settlers and their innocent wives and children.

General Monckton was gazetted in London on December 15, 1755, as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in place of Charles Lawrence, who had gone to England. While filling this position he wrote on October 13, 1757, to the Lords of Trade (now the Colonial Office):

"I have no doubt but that there may be great quantities of iron ore in the Colony, but there has not hitherto been any attempt to make iron here, nor have we at present any prospect of such a manufacture being undertaken."

This the writer believes to be the first serious mention of mineral in Nova Scotia, although the French had indefinite ideas of huge gold deposits there previous to that. It would seem as if at this time some attention were being paid to mineral exploration, as Governor Lawrence wrote on his return in May, 1758, that it was not possible to open a colliery for want of troops to protect the workmen. It was perhaps on this visit of Lawrence to England that the Duke of Newcastle, then premier, learned that Cape Breton was an island, a discovery which is said to have afforded him amusement for a whole day, while the Governor General suppressed a revolt of German settlers who had set up a republic at Lunenburg.

In 1757 a change came over the face of the world with the appearance on the stage of William Pitt the elder. Hitherto the conspicuous leadership had been all on the side of the French, and the dogged British marched out only to die under incapable leaders such as Cumberland and Braddock. There was no place in the higher ranks of the British army for men who had no influence in political circles. Pitt changed all that. He placed at the head of the British legion in Europe a German, Ferdinand of Brunswick, and in America, Jeffery Amherst, whose qualifications to command were their ability, and he fitted out a fleet and army to besiege Louisburg which had always been a thorn in the side of the North American colonies. He also lifted out of obscurity Admiral Rodney and General Wolfe. For this service Monckton applied but was at first detailed by Amherst to organize the collection of supplies from Nova Scotia which was vital to the success of the expedition, Amherst saying in a letter which is extant, that he was the only man capable of doing so. He was, however, engaged in the final assaults on the fortress. It is at Louisburg that Wolfe first comes to the front where he was the life and soul of the beseigers. After the fortress fell Wolfe returned to England. Captain Knox records in his Journal of the War that in 1758 after the taking of Louisburg:

"Brigadier Monckton re-established a fortress on the north side of Fundi Bay at the entrance of the river St. John; dignified it with the name of Frederic, and re-inforced the garrisons throughout the province where he himself commanded the following winter."

He then proceeded about twenty-five leagues (seventy-five miles) up the river to destroy storehouses and an Indian settlement. The Frederic after whom the fort was named was presumably Frederic the Great of Prussia, who was then the ally of England and who, by the help of English gold, was beginning to make headway against a combination of almost all the continental powers. There was another Frederic, Prince of Wales, who is chiefly remembered by the doggerel written over him by some wit of the day:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The name of such a man would scarcely have dignified any place. Moreover, he had been estranged from his father for many years.

On Wolfe's return to England, Pitt set about preparing for an attack on Quebec, then one of the strongest fortresses in the world, while the French under the strain of the war in Europe

and the continual drain of public moneys for the support of Madame de Pompadour, stinted Quebec of the necessary reinforcements. Wolfe chose for his brigadiers Monckton and Murray. He also selected Carleton, who was to make history later at Quebec, as his aide de camp. He did not choose Townshend, who was only appointed at the last moment and was selected by Pitt. This officer was a man of considerable ability, but was by inclination more politician than soldier. He belonged to the party of the Prince of Wales and had cleverly caricatured the Duke of Cumberland (of Culloden notoriety) which had brought him into difficulties. Horace Walpole says that he "did his utmost to traverse Wolfe's plans," and letters from one of Wolfe's colonels describe him as "a malcontent." He is believed to have looked down upon Wolfe, on account of his want of aristocratic birth. Pitt's exertions on his behalf are no doubt explained by the fact that he needed the support of the Townshend family, which was one of the most important of the aristocracy, then endeavoring to make politics a private game for gentlemen. To Townshend's brother who, during Pitt's illness many years after, altered the whole course of his policy, is to be ascribed the eventual loss of the North American colonies which he had fostered so much. In a period of corruption Pitt remained free from it and no doubt the few aristocratic families that did support him had the greater hold over him on that account. Wolfe wrote when leaving: "I have three brigadiers, all men of great spirit."

From a painting, by B. West

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

General Wolfe; Brigadier-General Monckton, Second in Command; Major Barré, Adjutant General; Colonel Williamson, Commanding the Artillery; Mr. Adair, Director and 1st Surgeon of the Hospital; Captain Hervey Smith, A. D. C. to General Wolfe; Captain Debbieg, Engineer; Sir William Howe.

Murray was the officer upon whom he seems to have relied most for any service requiring dash. He is often blamed for rashness in marching out of Quebec to meet Levis, but we must remember that he had a hostile population within the city and scarcely

enough men to man the walls. Had he allowed Levis to approach nearer, the latter would no doubt have soon found an entrance at some point, and his difficulties would have enormously increased. The story of the siege is too well known to repeat in detail here. Wolfe camped just east of the Montmorency, Monckton at Pt. Levis with redoubts extending up the river opposite Quebec for two miles. After the failure of several attempts, Wolfe wrote from his sick bed to the three generals to assemble and discuss a plan of attack. This they did and on August 29 reported in favour of bringing all the troops to the south shore and attacking the city from above, a plan of his own, which he had discarded. He adopted it and moved to Cape Rouge, eight miles above the city, on Sept. 6. In Wolfe's codicil to his will made just before the battle, he left his camp equipage to Monckton, his papers and books to Carleton, his plate to Admiral Saunders; and to John Jarvis, commander of the Porcupine, the picture of Miss Lowther, which he always wore, to be restored to her if his presentiment of death on the morrow were fulfilled.

Montcalm at the same time was dreaming of his reunion with his family in sunny France. In the battle Wolfe led the right, Monckton the centre, Murray the left, all being in the first line. Townshend commanded the second line. This was the first appearance on the battlefield of the famous "thin red line," for Wolfe found that he could not manoeuvre his men on this occasion in the customary way, and therefore invented or adopted it. After Wolfe died, the messenger sent to Monckton to take command found him also wounded, and there was some delay before Townshend could be found, which the French utilized. Monckton however retained command of the army, although he was unable personally to move about. His account is as follows:

River St. Lawrence, 15 Sept, 1759.

DEAR BROTHER:

On the 13th we had an action with the French just above Quebec. General Wolfe received a wound in the beginning of the action, of which he died soon after; and myself one on the right breast through part of my lungs, and was cut out by my shoulder blade which obliged me to quit the field just as the French were giving way; a great mortification to me as the command of the army devolves to me. Townshend commands before Quebec as I am not able to be there and I am in hopes we shall shortly have the town. There is no danger in my wound and I never was in better health. I write a short letter to Mr. Pitt.

Yours, etc.,
ROBT. MONCKTON.

Quebec surrendered on the 18th. Townshend took the earliest available opportunity to go home. Captain Knox records on October 26, 1759: "General Monckton went down the river and embarked to proceed to New York for the re-establishment of his health; he was saluted by the garrison." He was with Amherst the following spring and despatched forces from Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg) to occupy Niagara and Presque Isle in July, 1760. Later he joined Amherst at Oswego and was at Montreal with him in November, when Canada was entirely in the hands of the British. In April, 1761, he was appointed Governor of the Province of New York. At the end of that year he was directed to take command of its expedition to Martinique, comprising about 12,000 troops.

Rodney, who now comes first into notice, commanded the fleet. After some actions at Morne, Garnier and other points, Fort Royal surrendered, and the Governor capitulated at St. Pierre. The British losses amounted to 400 killed and wounded, the French to much more. On leaving for Martinique, Colonel Bouquet wrote him: "I am persuaded that as the first success of this war, and for a long time the only one, was due to you, the honor of giving the finishing stroke should be reserved to the same hand."

The Colonel was commanding forces in New York throughout this war. From Martinique the despatches were sent home by Captains Rycaut and Gates. A letter from the latter affords some clue to the self-seeking character of the man, an Englishman born, who being disappointed of the preferment which he sought, gave his services to the American Revolutionists and in-

From a painting by B. West THE HONORABLE ROBERT MONCKTON

trigued to the utmost of his power against the great Washington, whose position he coveted.

"I hope you will see New York immediately, as your going there depends upon yourself. I never was more astonished than when I heard of Lord Albemarle, but I conclude you will remain to garrison your own conquest, where this will find you. As to my own affairs they have given me £500 and offer me the rank of major, but both your friends and mine advise me to stick out for the rank of Lieut.-Col. . . . For God's sake, sir, let me interest you; think of this, and do not return to New York as you set out from thence. I find the brilliancy of your conquest has lowered Barrington so

much, that both him and his adherents wish us damned for our good fortune. This was seen soon after my arrival. They said that notwithstanding what you had told the Administration, the place would yet hold out a long time, and alarmed desponding Englishmen with their hopes and pretended fears, but the arrival of Howard Paul took them all aback and they are now retired to mutter in secret against actions that they had neither the wit nor the spirit to perform. I am sir,

Your most faithful
and most obedient
humble servant,
HORATIO GATES.

This is the Gates who captured Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga. In 1760 George III. came to the throne. A stupid man himself, he hated ability. He hated, among others, the two Pitts, Sir Josuha Reynolds, Nelson, Fox and Burke. He was completely under the thumb of Lord Bute and his mother, against whom Pitt thundered in the House of Lords as "the secret influence more mighty than the throne itself which betrays and clogs every administration." Her "George, be a king," was always ringing in his ears. As soon as he was firmly seated on the throne he set himself to thwart Pitt, and he drove him from office in 1761. Since Pitt was responsible for the Martinique expedition, and the officers employed, he sent out two nonentities, the Earl of Albemarle and Sir George Pococke, to take command as general and admiral respectively over the heads of Monckton and Rodney, and they obtained much of the credit for work which their predecessors had done. Before long Monckton was recalled to be shelved with Amherst and the others who had brought so much honor to England, and Rodney remained without employment for fifteen years. Later on he was in such straits that he had to take refuge in France from his creditors, whence he emerged to win the only brilliant victories won by the British during the Revolutionary War, and it might almost be said to save England by regaining command of the sea. General Monckton was not employed abroad afterwards. He was governor of Portsmouth, England, in 1778, and died in 1782.

He is said to have been a man of great kindness of heart. The first thing recorded of him at Quebec is his soliciting from General Wolfe the pardon of a picket that had run away. At Martinique, Amherst having withdrawn from the officers the usual allowance of forage money, he gave £500 out of his own pocket to make up the deficiency to the subalterns who were then, as now, very poorly paid, and he seems to have been in advance of his age in his views of corporal punishment, as he writes to Bouquet, Feb. 12, 1761: "I am extremely glad that corporal punishment is laid aside as I scarcely ever knew a regiment the better for it, when carried to excess."

His younger brother, Colonel Henry Monckton, was killed at the battle of Monmouth, at the old church, in the Revolutionary War, just as he had captured it by a charge of his regiment of Guards. The arrival of Mad Anthony Wayne a few moments later converted the battle into an American victory.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the General was the founder of St. John, New Brunswick, and Monckton. Apparently, Fredericton took its name from Fort Frederic at the mouth of St. John River, when the latter place assumed the name of St. John.

In West's famous picture of the death of Wolfe, Monckton is represented standing up, wearing a bandage. There is some reason to suppose that he induced West to go over to England, having known him in New York, where he was born.

General Monckton was offered the command when the War of the American Revolution broke out, but refused it as he would not fight against the colonists, his sympathies being with them. His refusal will be considered by some to have done him more honor than all his previous services, since by it he sacrificed all hope of a future career, and in view of his previous successes in America he might have had reasonable hope of winning greater glory. As member for Portsmouth in the House of Commons he would naturally associate himself with Pitt, Burke, and Barré, in their endeavor to prevent the coercion of the colonists, and to save the empire from the dis-

ruption which was eventually brought about by the wholesale erection of peers who were willing to further the king's policy at any cost, and the corruption which resulted in the formation of the party known as the "king's friends." His old commander Amherst, who had received but little reward for adding half of North America to the British Empire, received a peerage for strenuously advocating the coercion of the Americans, and most prominent in the same cause in the House of Lords was his former comrade, George Townshend, who had succeeded to the peerage. To his evil influence it is no doubt due that his more famous brother Charles initiated the oppressive measures which eventually led to the War of Independence.

The picture of the death of Wolfe is noted for having been the first in which the participants were represented in their actual costume, instead of classic draperies. The painter, Benjamin West, was a New Englander who settled in England in 1763. He was the first president of the Royal Academy, and painted two copies of this, one for the king, and the other for General Monckton. The portraits are especially valuable as they were taken from life, and the surroundings are no doubt accurate, as the picture was painted only a few years after the battle, when all the incidents were fresh in the minds of the actors. In the immediate background may be seen the sailors hauling up a gun, which must have been a task of no small difficulty. Standing behind the Indian (who is probably altogether an allegorical figure) is a soldier in the uniform of the New England Rangers. These colonial troops formed a considerable part of Wolfe's force, in which they performed scouting duties. Of the officers present, Barré was born in Dublin in 1726, the son of a French Huguenot, and died in 1802. He joined the army in 1745 and at Louisburg attracted the notice of Wolfe, who made him adjutant-general of the Quebec expedition. He was standing by him when he was wounded and was himself wounded in the face. He subsequently served with distinction under Amherst, and returned home in 1760 when he entered Parliament, and took rank at once as one of the greatest orators of the time, even with Pitt, Townshend, Burke, and Fox in the House. His speech against the Stamp Act is perhaps the finest oration in the English language. He was supposed to have been the author of the "Letters of Junius," but denied it.

Sir William Howe led the light infantry who captured the Heights of Abraham in the first instance. During the battle his men and the Rangers were kept in reserve to hold off attackers in flank. He was the youngest of three famous brothers, the eldest being that Lord Howe who was killed at Ticonderoga in 1758, "with whom the soul of the army expired." At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he was sent out with his more famous brother, the admiral, to try to effect a reconciliation, but they were unfairly hampered by limitations placed on them by the home government. He then succeeded Gage as commander in chief, and displayed considerable ability in battle, but lost all his advantages by indolence, of which the most notable instance is his luxurious winter in Philadelphia, 1777-8, which brought about his recall. He claimed that his forces were too weak, but in view of his brother's (Admiral Lord Howe) notorious sympathy with the Americans, one cannot help the suspicion that his supineness was largely due to his disliking to take strong measures against the colonists. Colonel Williamson, with Lieutenant Henderson and two private soldiers, carried Wolfe out of the battle when he fell.

It is probable that Henderson is also represented in the picture, most likely as holding the standard. Surgeon Adair, there is reason to believe, is "Robin Adair," the hero of the famous song, since it was during his absence at the time with the troops in America that Lady Caroline Keppel wrote the famous song to an old Irish tune.

The portrait of General Monckton also by West, represents him when appointed Governor of Berwick in 1766, on the return of Pitt to power, but it is probably less like him than his representation in the death of Wolfe.

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth

Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. The Patterson family are introduced into the story. Mrs. Patterson is bringing up her only child, Robert, on scientific principles. He makes a boy chum and learns to swear. Acknowledging it to his mother, she prefers to believe that he lies, rather than that he swears.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"I do not lie, mother. I said it," Robert was a little mystified and decidedly entertained—this was an entirely strange and amusing phase of his mother's character. Seeing her thus, he had that peculiar sensation—only experienced with George—that of wanting to laugh.

Throughout that day, and for several days, Robert was in disgrace. He was urged, cajoled, threatened, all to the end that he should confess to having *lied*. Nothing could persuade Mrs. Patterson that her son swore.

She held the day as sacred to the memory of Robert's one and only deviation from the narrow path of duty—it marked an epoch, which she forced him to remember, too.

"Two weeks ago, you told me a lie, Robert. Have you forgotten?"

"No, mother, I did not lie."

Mrs. Patterson shook her head sadly, and sighed deeply. "Some day your own conscience will urge you to confess it," she answered. "I can wait."

And again:

"A month ago, Mr. Canfrey, Robert lied; perhaps he has forgotten."

"I have not forgotten, mother, that you said I lied," the boy responded with resignation. "However, I told you the truth.

"I will wait," sighed the mother.

The closing of his friendship with Harris cut the boy off from the world, as it were. Mrs. Patterson did not make the same mistake twice, and her son never had another friend. Through the years which followed, he was periodically reminded of the horrible result accruing from promiscuous intimacy, and his mother acknowledged in his presence that she could not trust herself to choose him a suitable companion.

Robert's twenty-first birthday failed to mark much of an epoch in his life. He knew that he inherited quite a large fortune from his father, and somewhere deep in his consciousness there stirred a contentment which he hardly realized as yet. But so strong is the power of habit, it never occurred to him to dispense with Mr. Canfrey's services,

nor cast aside his mother's still rigorous plan of living; in short, never having tasted any freedom, he did not long to throw off the chains of bondage, nor at present to do other than echo his mother's schemes for him.

Mr. Canfrey, looking back through a shriveled vista of years, dimly recollected a party which had marked *his* majority; a party, including the vicar's three daughters, his two particular chums in the neighborhood, a host of aunts and uncles, his mother, work-worn and sad-eyed. He remembered an afternoon of charades and conundrums—tea on the lawn. The recollection of Sara May, the vicar's youngest daughter, sitting beside him, brought the slightest pleasurable thrill to him, and at that moment he almost pitied the starved boy in his charge.

"I will suggest a party to his mother," thought Mr. Canfrey, boldly.

But his estimable patroness looked upon the suggestion with disfavor.

"A party," she repeated, "a party? What for?"

"It is Robert's twenty-first birthday," Mr. Canfrey reminded her.

"I should know that better than you," answered the regal lady, haughtily, "but if I should consider it —which, mind you, I don't—who would there be to ask?"

This was a question beyond Mr. Canfrey's ken, so with a bow he slowly left the room.

When Robert was twenty-five, however, the gods relented—they had enjoyed their little joke sufficiently—Mr. Canfrey died.

"It is a strange coincidence, Robert," said his mother, with a becoming lowering of her voice—"a very strange coincidence, that fifteen years ago to-day you told me that lie. You remember, my son?"

A grim smile crossed the young man's face. "I have never had the opportunity of forgetting, mother—however, I have never sworn since."

Mrs. Patterson's lips moved—they silently framed the words, "I will wait!"

* * * * * *

"Going away," she asked. "Where, and why?"

Mrs. Patterson never allowed herself to be agitated, but this was so unusual!

"I am going south, mother; just why, I hardly know. I suppose because I have nothing to do! Now Mr. Canfrey is not here, I find time hanging too heavily on my hands. When I go to the Golf Club, I either don't know the men, or they don't want to play with me—I never had any friends—and I want to do something—for once." Robert was surprised at himself; he had the feeling that he was a passive spectator in this scene, watching his mother, listening to his own voice.

"I shall start to-morrow," he heard himself say.

"*We* start," his mother corrected. "Although it is most inconvenient for me to leave just now, I shall never let it be said that I shirked a duty, or neglected my child. I wish you would ring the bell—Henderson must pack at once."

CHAPTER IX.

Perhaps if Lorna had foreseen the struggle ahead of her, when Chester went away, she would have devised some way to make life less appalling.

The little baby's death was but the beginning of a series of troubles, causing even her sure foot to falter.

Of course she was never able to tell Chester of their loss, and the few disconnected letters she had from him only added to her trials—they were so laden with discouragement.

What Clinton Northrop was to her at this time she could never put into words. With that rare gift of perfect understanding, he kept in touch with Lorna, making his sympathy a source of strength, from which she might draw unreservedly. He divined, with almost maternal intuition, the cruel struggle she had to make both ends meet and rarely came to the house without some delicacy, which he insisted was for the children.

But in spite of this, toward the middle of the winter Lorna found it almost impossible to get along. The dividend which was paid again on the first of the year was quickly swallowed up, and the little balance Lorna had guarded so jealously, only met the

expenses of the baby's funeral. She advertised for roomers, but with no success—people were afraid of the tainted house. She tried to get some needle work to do at home. Impossible—germs may be carried in that way!

There seemed absolutely but one other means of reducing expenses—that of dispensing with Nanny.

"Me go, Mavourneen," cried the old woman, indignantly, "and leave ye and the childer! And is it crazy ye are—or merely cruel, to your poor old servant!" She put her apron to her face. "And who would help ye wid the furnace, Oi want to know, since ye let Morgan go at Christmas? The b'y, I suppose! And who would take your place at night a-watchin' the lamb-child? The b'y agin, no doubt! And you looking as white and soft as the angels, theirselves! Not much; I'll not stir—no ma'am! Nanny O'Brien has spoken—askin' yer pardon for me boldness!"

Lorna was deeply touched, but quite firm. She knew Nanny was devoted to them all, but she was a luxury which must be done without.

"Listen, Nanny! Mr. Sayre seems to get no better—that is, he certainly will not be home and well again, when we thought he would, and he really needs more attention and comfort than when he first went away. At a place like Saranac, that sort of thing costs a great deal of money—in plain words, Nanny, I can't afford to pay you the wages to which you are accustomed"—a deep pink crept into Lorna's transparent skin—"in fact, I can't afford to pay you any, and you must look for another place."

"I have no place to go, this is me home," persisted Nanny obstinately. "'Tis the loikes of me who should be payin' me board, so it is, instid of takin' money for livin' here comfortable, like a lady. Sure an it's only Sunday I sez to Father Murphy, I says, 'Father, there's that on me conscience a-keepin' me awake o' nights.' 'What is it Nanny, me girl?' he sez. ''Tis dishonesty, and nothin' else,' sez I. 'You don't mean it,' sez he, 'and how?' ''Tis taking money I don't earn,' sez I, like that, I sez; and here ye are, me blessed lamb, a-clearin' me conscience like an angel and makin' me happy agin." Nanny smiled, and her look was heavy with borrowed chips from the blarney stone. Even Lorna laughed a little, through tears, which were very near the surface, but insisted that her mind was made up and the old woman must go. So Nanny once more took refuge in tears. Phoebe ran into the room and flung herself into the arms of the sobbing woman.

"Has mudder been scolding you?" she asked.

"She wants to send me away," wailed Nanny, folding the child to her, "and kill herself with work and worry, she does. An' me loves a-cryin' for their old nurse. Eh, darlin'?"

"Oh, oh," shouted Phoebe, her shrill young voice blending with Nanny's gasping sobs. They both wept most of the day, one playing upon the other's feelings, until Lorna was nearly crazy, and worse than that, at night Phoebe had worked herself into a burning fever.

"Now, will yez let me stay?" inquired the nurse, belligerently, coming to the door where Lorna and Northrop were standing. "She's out of her darlin' head, she is, and callin' her Nanny, sor—" turning to Northrop. Lorna started to go upstairs.

"Go back," commanded Nanny, "go back and sit down"—"I just came to tell yez, *I am goin' to stay!*"

As Lorna sank into a chair, Northrop looked at her inquiringly.

"What does she mean?" he asked.

"I really don't need her"—sometimes the truth is so hard to tell—"in fact there are many times when she is a hindrance—" and here Chester's wife stopped again; she was about to say Nanny was a hindrance as far as the furnace was concerned, but caught herself, just in time. She did not want Northrop to know that Morgan had left.

He did not understand, however, and turned her words another way.

"Of course there must be times when you scarcely feel like sending her out, during this bitter weather, and her rheumatism must be a trial, but *do*

learn to think a little more of yourself, Lorna! To-night you are worn out!" He bent toward her anxiously, "Is there nothing I can do?"

Mrs. Sayre smiled. It always gave her such a feeling of comfort—this knowledge, that some one was waiting to help her.

"You do far too much as it is, Clinton! I am often oppressed by my guilty conscience when I think how we monopolize all your time, in the office and outside; taking care of Chester's work as far as you can, bothering with his mail, and coming here day after day, laden with things material and otherwise for us." She laid her hand on his, an instant, "I have never tried to thank you."

"Lorna," cried Clinton, "don't say such things to me—me! There is but one thought in all my days—one thought, sleeping or waking, is before me—the thought of you, struggling here, alone. No, no, let me say it, I have striven to be what you would wish me, I have borrowed strength from you, but now you *must* let me help, I can't bear this any longer!"

"NANNY O'BRIEN HAS SPOKEN"

"Hush, Clinton. You are not thinking what you say. All I ask is, that you don't make it harder for me," she said slowly and distinctly, raising her great hazel eyes to his.

Northrop caught himself firmly. That she should be the one to teach him his duty!

"Do you never get tired of being the 'sturdy oak,' Lorna?" he asked wonderngly.

A sigh escaped Chester Sayre's wife. She repeated a few lines of that quaint little poem, "The Sturdy Oak and Clinging Vine." "If I dissected your remark," she answered, "I suppose I could prove that you have said the very opposite of what you meant. Do you not remember, that because of the vine's clinging so closely to it, and infusing itself into the oak, *it* became the life of the oak, and without which the sturdy—there is an interrogation point here, you must note—tree would have died. So after all you would do better, from a chivalrous standpoint to liken me to the clinging vine."

She was not a little pleased at having been put to a test with Northrop. She found she could command both herself and him.

Acting on Fay's advice she had put herself on trial, as it were and found that she dreaded the possibility of his inability to continue in the same relation as at present. And although she had absolute faith and confidence in him and his sense of honour, she herself felt that something strong and infinitely fine would be lost to them if they did not preserve the same bearing to each other always.

The following week brought a characteristic letter from Fay:

"I long for you here, every hour," she wrote. "Although not awfully good at description, I want to tell you a little about this place.

"Picture to yourself a long and jagged coast line, dotted every mile or so with a little cluster of houses, forming a chain of

modest resorts. Look past the hotels inland, and you can see a low-lying marsh, deceiving the eye—it is so completely covered with stubby growth. Picture rows of sand hills between the hotels and this marsh and you have a slight idea of my surroundings. These different hotels are "Havens" — Bayhaven, Northaven, Southaven, etc. Each one has its own pier and boat houses, for the water trip is about the only convenient means of travel between them. There *is* a train—they call it a dummy, which comes to a tumble down shed once a day, but the walk from there to the hotels is dirty and uncomfortable. Oh, yes, there seems to be a "family horse," the joint property of the five havens, and by refusing to consider the probability of broken limbs one can come in on the dummy and be driven in a unique conveyance to any of these places. But it is hardly necessary to tell you that a boat suits me better.

"Needless to say I am absolutely happy here on the water. We live in boats, and bathe when it is not too hot. Can you imagine that? (I suppose you are having zero weather.) We fish, have oyster roasts, and eat an appalling amount of crabs. This hotel is small, accommodating only about one hundred people; I don't care for that, particularly—it makes it like a village, not large enough to be a city and too large to be the country.

"Everyone knows just what everyone else does; what time they go out, come in, rise and retire; and the verandah is a hot-bed of gossip, and breeder of disease, for everyone has something, or thinks he has, and not to talk about it is a crime against the science of medicine.

"I eschew the Embroidery Circle, and, as usual, am the butt of all the questionable remarks amongst the industrious ladies. They can't understand how anyone could prefer to sit alone; yes, really, Lorna, sometimes alone; on the end of the pier, and be blown to bits, instead of wasting one's grey matter with them. The ocean, always alluring, is so blue and wild and changeable. It often frightens me to think how I love it! I feel so indissolubly a part of it. Surely I must have had a mermaid ancestor years ago.

"Gordon is here, but leaves soon for Mexico, on business. Millie and her husband, Walter Evans (you remember hearing me speak of him) are at the next hotel—Bayhaven, she looks very happy, the stereotyped bride. But Lorna, *mon enfant*, rack your brains and guess—*guess*, who came last night—trunks and boxes, maid and son—Mrs. Patterson!

"I only saw the gorgon for a moment this morning, when she gave me a frigid bow. She is chaperoning her son with characteristic rigor, and he tallies absolutely, with Mr. Northrop's description. Of course I intend to cultivate him.

"This seems to be Fate, doesn't it?

"Gordon behaves himself very well on the whole, although I am quite glad he is going away. His jealousy amounts to a kind of frenzy. If I speak to any man for more than two minutes he is unmanageable for hours. The more I think of a temperament like his, Lorna, the more fully convinced I am, that it is closely akin to insanity. I really feel a sort of contemptuous pity for him sometimes, and if I were other than I am, fear would enter prominently into my other emotions; he is so perfectly beyond any sort of control.

"He says while away, he wants to analyze the exact degree of misery he experiences when absent from me, and compare it with the tumultuous joy he feels at being with me; the balance will go to prove whether or not he can conquer this passing fancy. Can't you hear him saying this?

"I don't *love* him any more than I did, and never will, but he still holds me by a peculiar fascination similar to that which a child feels playing with fire. I can't help it; I feel as though I were trying to see just how long the smouldering flames could be kept from blazing; there speaks the wretched Pagan. When I am sane, I put it another way. I want to be sure that the fire is burned out, and look with care to the future lest I should burn my fingers. Oh, but I want to slaughter the brute in him, Lorna! They say there is a spice in that; women do not love the men they are sure of; they trample them under foot and look about for other prey. It is not true, is it? Not because jealousy plays a part; rather the humiliation of being second when you should be first. I should never hate the object of his affections; I should hate *him*.

"I will write again, after having taken a good look at Robert Patterson."

Later.

"My dear, he is a god; a god in the chrysalis, and he has intelligence, too, in spite of his mother's conscientious efforts to the contrary.

"As he sat on the verandah this afternoon pretending to read some horrible mathematical thing, the pages covered with a, b, c's; x, y, z's, I saw him glance furtively around with almost human interest once or twice—including me in his casual survey.

"Describe him? He is taller than Mr. Northrop but so well proportioned as to be deceptive. Comparing him with his majestic mother, who, as you know is quite above the average, I should say he is at least six feet two. He is *closely* built, if you know what I mean, and athletic; I love his walk! In sail boat parlance he 'runs free,' with easy graceful swing, which precludes any doubt as to his inability to reach his intended destination. He is fair; not sandy, like Gordon, but blonde. Don't make a *moue*, for he is not wishy-washy in the least—outdoor exercise has prevented that, I'm sure; his hair is soft and fluffy (doesn't it sound dreadful?) and his chin and forehead, square; the former has a most

adorable cleft in it, deep enough to—put my finger in! (Hush, you Pagan, let Fay talk!) His eyes, ah, his eyes—now, let me see whether I can remember about them. Blue, yes, of course they are blue (brown eyes never appeal to me) deep, deep blue, like the sky at night, and so sad, Lorna! His lashes are heavy, though not very dark, and his lids slant most adorably at the corners. If he ever smiled at all, I am sure it would be a 'quizzical smile'. Remember, all this is from memory; I have not the object before me, so if I make some changes later, don't scoff, and say my point of view is altered.

"The Pagan is calling me to race on the beach; there is going to be a storm, and the sea is wild and angry. Instead of blue, the breakers are nearly black, capped with such a lot of soapy foam and the hiss they make, breaking on the shore, makes my heart beat fast with the peculiar excitement that certain phases of nature always bring.

"I hope with all my heart, that you are well, you and the children, and that you will be able to see Chester this spring. The enclosed is for my dear Edward; I can't buy anything here, and I want someone to give things to—the ocean makes me feel good, good and big!

"Yours,
"Fay."

Lorna smiled.

"The heart of a child," she said to herself. "The heart of a child and the head of a Socrates."

FAY RACED ALONG THE SANDS LIKE A LITTLE FURY

So the Pattersons were there, and Fay was already preparing to undertake Robert's education! The hot blood flew to Lorna's cheeks when she remembered the day of Mrs. Patterson's last visit—the week previous—and she covered her face with her hands.

"If I could tell somebody, I believe I should feel better," she whispered.

But she shrank from writing to Fay, and Northrop, this time, was quite out of the question—of course Chester could not be told. No, it looked as though this was something which must be borne alone.

"If I were not guilty in a sense," the girl said for the thousandth time, "I should not mind. They say one's sins always find one out."

When Chester came back, perhaps things would be easier, perhaps Northrop would go away—or Chester might find something to do elsewhere. She must square her shoulders and take up the burden. People who were never tempted deserved no credit for being good; people who had no difficulties in their paths, need not plume themselves upon their ability to manage well.

It is the person who fights against the fell clutch of circumstances and wins—it is that person who merits praise. Lorna's eyes wandered to a little plaque hanging above her desk. She had bought it one day before the baby was born, and had taken its lesson straight home. The lines read:

"It is easy enough
to be pleasant,
When life goes along
with a song,
But the man worth
while, is the man
who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

"The man worth while," she said aloud. "It should not be so hard, especially as he thinks it of me."

"Phoebe wants you, ma'am," interrupted Nanny. "The lamb is cryin' for the baby, may the Virgin keep his soul in peace! Her head isn't right yet."

Instantly all thought of self was forgotten. Lorna turned to the child's bedside, with the renewed fortitude and strength, which had always been her pride; she found that there was an-

other fight to be made, and clenched her teeth bravely.

The doctor shook his head. "Pneumonia," he said tersely. "You should have a nurse."

But Mrs. Sayre refused.

"I can't afford one," she answered, simply, "Nanny and I will do just as you say, doctor, please don't insist."

Northrop insisted, though; he used every form of argument, the efficient care of the child, the relief to Lorna and Nanny, the added attention to Edward, his own peace of mind, and Chester's, did he know; and to all of these Lorna's answer was the same unsatisfactory one.

"I can't afford a nurse, and I can't allow you to get one. Chester would not understand—he never had any idea of money."

"But Lorna—"

"I am quite decided, Clinton, thank you," she replied firmly, "but I appreciate your offer."

She said this, just as though Mrs. Patterson could hear her; there was a certain triumphant ring to it, of which she was scarcely conscious, but which mystified Clinton, and hurt him.

"Then let me advance you the next dividend from the Loan Company," he begged earnestly. "You may not need it, but for my sake, Lorna, give me the satisfaction of feeling that you *can* have what is necessary!"

It was so hard to help her!

Mrs. Sayre hesitated and bit her lip. She wondered how much Northrop knew concerning her finances, and although she needed the money badly, she shrank painfully from having any monetary dealings with her husband's friend. Fay's cheque would help some, for while she had ostensibly sent it to Edward, Lorna understood and appreciated the delicacy which prompted her to offer it in that way.

Northrop noticed the hesitation and pressed her hard.

Finally Lorna held out her hand.

"Have your way," she said, "and thank you!"

Four weeks dragged themselves by. Nanny's eyes were hollow and her step was slow; besides being worn out with nursing, she was crippled with rheumatism, and every movement was torture. It was pitiful, the way she and Lorna tried to deceive and save one another. They were hardly like mistress and maid, ever; particularly during these last bitter months of trouble. Nanny often had her own way and certainly spared Lorna many hours of weary watching, but at least the old woman's mind was not tortured day and night by the unanswerable problems which assailed Mrs. Sayre; Nanny slept heavily, during her hours of rest; Lorna's eyes stared out into the darkness, seeing phantasmic panorama, conjured by her feverish brain. She found herself worried by the routine of the work, things got harder to do; the ashes from the furnace choked her, a sudden draught of air took her breath and sent a stabbing pain between her shoulder blades; going upstairs produced a fit of dizziness so troublesome that it was necessary to sit down some minutes before it passed away.

The doctor looked at her keenly, but said nothing. He was the kind of man who would not advise a country clergyman on eight hundred a year, to take a three years' trip around the world.

Edward climbed into Northrop's lap one evening as he sat beside the little girl. Both Lorna and Nanny were resting.

"Is Phoebe going to die?" the boy whispered.

"We don't know, old man," answered the other slowly, "we must always hope she won't."

He tried to think what Lorna would have said to evade the truth, for Edward's serious gaze precluded the possibility of falsehood.

"And if God comes for her, will he bring a sleigh, like Santa Claus?"

"No, boy, he does not come that way."

"Is it a long way to heaven?"

"Very long, I should say, Edward."

"And is it cold going?"

"No, not cold."

"But Phoebe will need a blanket too, won't she?" the boy persisted. "Baby did, you know! Mr. Northrop, will mother cry?"

"Don't ask so many questions, dear," Northrop begged, laying his head against the child's. "Does mother often cry?"

"No, she never does; she says she can't. But Nanny does—she says crying keeps her heart soft."

Northrop smiled a little.

"Poor Nanny," he said.

A day later Phoebe was wrapped in her little blanket and laid away beside the baby.

A something snapped in Lorna's heart, and she leaned a moment against Northrop, trying to stifle a shuddering sob.

"When Death consents to let us live a long time," she whispered, "he seems to take, as hostages, all those we have loved."

The man was destitute of words—he felt as though his own heart were bursting, in answer to her grief—Oh, God, to have the right to comfort her! He brushed his lips across her hair—just as she raised her great, misery-laden eyes to his, and asked,

"What, Oh *what*, shall I do with her clothes?"

CHAPTER X.

THE MORNING after Fay had written Chester's wife was dull and cheerless; yesterday's storm was not over, apparently.

She walked briskly up and down the verandah, which was a gossiping mass of "eyelet"-mad women. They rocked, and punched, with irritating regularity, and the girl was just going to prepare for her dip, when Mrs. Patterson sailed majestically toward the group.

"Do you remember me, Mrs. Patterson?" asked Fay, holding out her hand.

"Miss Chester, I believe." Lorgnette—tone—manner—all were frigid, and the Circle looked up, interestedly, keen on the scent for new material.

"It is a surprise to see you," continued Fay, sitting down on the arm of a vacant chair, and swinging her feet, "Mrs. Sayre did not mention your coming, in her last letter. Have you seen her lately?"

Mrs. Patterson looked with flagrant disapproval at the figure perched before her; the pose irritated her, small people always did such *outre* things and were excused.

"Mrs. Sayre never *was* kept posted as to my movements, though I had no intention of coming away when I saw her, last week," she replied stiffly.

Fay felt the rebuff, but smiled wickedly.

"I should think you two totally uncongenial," she said.

"Totally," agreed Mrs. Patterson, icily, thinking of that last interview with Mrs. Sayre. "She neglects her husband."

"Nothing of the kind!" retorted Fay indignantly. "She can neither afford to go to see her husband, nor can she leave the children; and Chester, instead of being benefited at Saranac, is really worse, and can't be moved, even if she would have him home."

Millie Evans had come over for Fay to go sailing; she heard part of what had been said, and understood that Fay's war signals were out.

"I should think it very unwise to have Mr. Sayre at home," she interrupted, "brutal as that sounds. In fact, Fay, I think it would be a mercy if he died now, before years of lingering illness make him a burden to himself and to his wife, don't you?"

Fay nodded, and turned toward her friend, away from Mrs. Patterson.

"It would seem best," she said thoughtfully, half to herself. "I should then hope, earnestly, that Lorna would marry Mr. Northrop—you know I told you about him."

"Marry him!" echoed Mrs. Patterson, raising her voice, "marry him! Well, *I fail to see the necessity!*"

For an instant the silence was so deep, it hurt; then everyone began speaking at once, not caring what they said, so long as it served to distract Fay's attention and cover the other woman's remark.

Millie Evans, who knew her best, looked at her curiously, wondering what she would do, half expecting her to fly at Mrs. Patterson's throat, like an enraged hyena, and bite her. She had seen Fay angry.

But very much to her astonishment, the girl rose quietly, and walked down

the steps without speaking. A few moments later she was hidden from the inquisitive eyes of the Circle, by a sand pile.

Out of their sight, however, the Pagan called for freedom, and few of the people who saw the self-controlled Miss Chester, quietly leaving the verandah, would have recognized the little fury racing madly along the moist sand.

"Fail to see the necessity"—"fail to see the necessity!" The words echoed and re-echoed in her mind. She clenched her fists and beat them together.

"The malicious, spiteful, evil-minded, green-eyed cat!" she said through her teeth. "The vile-mouthed beast! I knew her! And I told Lorna to have nothing to do with her! So that's what they say of her—my Lorna—who never harmed a fly, nor harbored an unkind thought against a soul, making excuses for everyone else—finding something good in the worst of us—Lorna with a bleeding, broken heart; alone there, in that deadly, frigid place, but for Mr. Northrop. Fail to see the necessity—Lord, how I hate her! I never knew I could hate before. I want to *kill* something!"

The girl was blind with rage. Her love for Chester's wife was greater far than that for her own cousin, and to heart her slandered by this woman, goaded her beyond anything she had ever experienced in the way of passion. Had the same thing been said of herself, she would have treated the matter, in all probability, with indifference, or contempt. But Lorna—.

"Oh, you Pagan," she began again, speaking aloud, "I know now why I have never been able to kill you! You have lived and struggled all these years, just for this—that I might *hate*—hate and hurt," she laughed mirthlessly. "I will touch her, hurt her, grind and twist her—the demon!"

The girl was dramatic because it was bred in the bone, and this was a splendid scene with no living creature to witness. In the far background, the low stunted trees of the marsh, between Southaven and the next hotel; immediately behind Fay, an irregular sand hill; to the right, an unbroken stretch of sand; and to the left, still some distance up the beach, beyond which the pier of Loch Haven could be seen, was the hull of an old vessel; and the girl herself, quivering with anger, standing alone on this deserted shore, completed a picture wonderfully dramatic. Her skirt blew closely around her lithe figure, and she put both hands to her head, and twisted a loose strand of hair into place, thinking hard. She stood some moments like this, gradually gaining control of herself, and formulating a plan from the chaotic state of her mind.

Suddenly her eyes rested on the old vessel, and she looked keenly at it, then nodded with satisfaction and began walking slowly in that direction.

As suddenly as a sunbeam dies her anger vanished, and a sort of sadness supplanted it; for an instant she resembled Lorna in her reluctance to cause suffering—at least to the innocent.

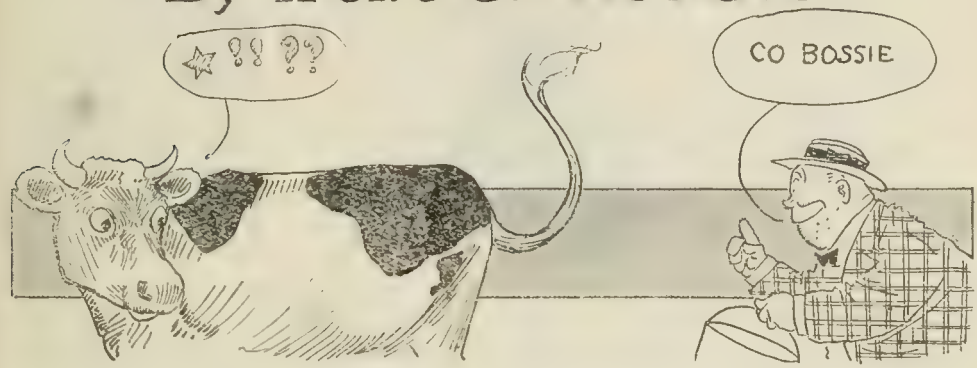
"But what need I care?" She shook off the moment of weakening. "Everyone has a first attack. I might as well administer the dose as one of those giggling idiots back there, spending the day in marcelling and manicuring—massaging and napping, in order to captivate something for an hour or two in the evening—and any way I *must* be revenged, for Lorna's sake. I must!

"How long ago it seems that Chester said to me, 'Take a man your own size,' but I am not ashamed, nor will I be sorry—I am going to like it, Pagan, and you may help!"

(To be continued).

The Tale of a Cow

By Irene Currie Love



ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

THE drummer limped in carefully. One eye was black and there was a bandage round his left wrist. He gave the general impression of having been a storm centre.

"Been trying a preliminary bout with Jeff so he won't find the smoke too easy?" inquired the bookkeeper affably.

"O, go to—go to!" muttered the drummer, as he painfully made his way to his desk and sank into his chair with a smothered "ouch!"

" 'Go to' is Shakespeare. It means 'on your way'. Gee, but it hurts to sit down!"

The drummer so seldom loses his sunny smile that everyone looked at everyone else with something like consternation.

"I say, old chap, look here, you know," cried the bookkeeper, who reverts in moments of excitement to English as she is spoke in England. "I say, I'm awfully sorry if you are hurt, old son. Tell us about it."

"Nothin' to tell," grouched the drummer.

This was really serious, for, as a rule he revels in tales of his adventure by land and sea.

It was the stenographer who saved the day. Going over to his desk, she opened up her sympathies, told him what sort of liniment to use, purred over him in the way women have, and generally jollied him into good humor. The assistant bookkeeper viewed these ministrations with distrust. There were moments when he didn't like the drummer.

"You see it was this way," began the injured one. "Our train was in a little smash up down the line. That's where I got this blotched complexion."

"Berth mark, I s'pose," sneered the jealous bookkeeper.

"Say, if I couldn't put over anything better than that, I'd shut down my talk-works," growled the drummer. "Dan Daly sprung it in 1492. You're a sorchead. See? Sore, and I know why."

"O, please," interrupted the stenographer, "please don't quarrel."

"Allright, little one. I'm just letting him know where he gets off at. Guess he won't butt into my game again," and the drummer fixed a baleful eye on the unfortunate butt-in, who muttered something under his breath and walked out of the office.

"Well, now that Mr. Buttinsky's flew the coop, maybe I can let go of this yarn. As I was remarking when Mr. Pinhead made a noise like a chestnut, I was in *a* accident and it was a big bump, and then some too, I can tell you. Our tooter banged into a hoo-hoo with a load of live stock just at a

JAMMED FULL OF THE KIND OF PEOPLE

sharp curve, and bing! there was nothing but smoke and kindling wood and pigs and cows and sheep all over the place and all mixed up with each other and some of us. You'd have wondered if your Noah's ark hadn't come to life again.

"Nobody was seriously hurt on our car, because we had a lot of other cars, mail and baggage coaches and all that, ahead of us. It was one of those long, mixed trains that stop at every whistling post, and it was jammed full of the kind of people that go with that kind of train.

"There was the flossy little person with a pomp big enough to swab a tunnel, who took off her lid as soon as she got on, fixed her hair every mile, chewed gum with her mouth open while she breathed through her nose, and googled all the men in sight; there was the woman with the sticky baby that had the yowl that won't die off, and a little darling four years old that ate peanuts with a noise like a self-made man or a horse, and scattered the shells all over the floor and glued herself all up with a mess of bananas; there was the granfer that insisted on telling you the story of his life, and right in the same seat with me was one of those haughty dames carrying a dog basket. She had a toy dog in it—you know the kind, no body and a bark that breaks him in two. She'd open the darned thing—the basket, I mean—and say, 'Does um love ums tootums' and all that sort of sickish slop until, honest, I'd have chloroformed the two of them joyously if I'd had the dope to do it—and have felt myself a friend to the human race. A woman that's stuck on a dog—well, she's that kind of a woman.

"Well, then the smash came. We were in the rear coach and got the least of it all, but everyone was scared stiff. It was almost 5 p.x. and we were one hour, sixty golden min-yutes, from the jumping-off place, with no prospect of being pulled out of the slat-heap until nine or ten o'clock.

"Nobody had had anything to eat but a railway sandwich, the durable kind they dust off at morning and night and freshen up once a month. It had evidently been near freshening time that day. This near-edible curiosity had been assisted on its way down by a cup of the diluted coffin varnish they give you for coffee. Everyone was mad and hungry and the scare and the shakeup had been the last few bundles of straw.

"The flossy googler was the sorest looking thing you ever saw. Her pomp was down over one ear. She'd swallowed her gum in the excitement, and she looked like destruction; old granfer sat in the corner shaking his head and muttering 'when I was a boy'; the gluey kid had eaten all her bananas and champed up all her peanuts and was looking around for more, and the baby was crying that quiet little wail that sticks a knife into you with every note.

THAT GO WITH THAT KIND OF TRAIN

"I couldn't stand it very long, so I said 'Here's where I go out and find something to eat!' So I resolved myself into a foraging expedition. Not a farm house in sight. Nothing as far as you could see but pigs and sheep and cows, and sheep and cows and pigs—all in full chorus.

"'I've got it,' says I. 'I'll milk a cow.' So I grabbed a pail from a brakeman and started over to a little bunch of kine—that's what my old friend, Bobbie Burns calls them. Or was his name Tommy?—I like that word kine.

"Well, anyway, I started over to the bunch, and I could see them sort of side-stepping and looking at each other and making rude remarks under their breath. But I just sauntered up nonchalantly—notice that word nonchalantly?—I just sauntered up nonchalantly—Gee! That's a good word, that 'nonchalantly'—I just—"

"Say, if you throw that word again, I'll make you swallow it before it has time to dry," growled the bookkeeper.

"Oh, ve—ry well. I'd hate to have your disposition, Bookie. But anyway, I just sauntered—I mean, I walked up to the bunch, and selecting a nice lady-like cow, I murmured in my softest and sweetest tones, low, dulcet notes, you know, 'Co-bossie, co-bossie, come here and be milked.'

"Nothing doing. She gave me a queer, 'I'm-onto-you' look and sidled down the track a bit. I sidled after her, and trilled again, 'Co-bossie, co-bossie, come here and be milked!'

"She tossed her head and winked the other eye at her friends, and then did a few fancy steps in the middle of the track. I looked at her gravely and said, 'Julia, that's no nice way to act. Don't you know that baby needs refreshment? Come and be milked, like a good little cow.'

"No response to this, so I started again. I thought maybe I'd made a mistake in the name, so this time I murmured,

"'Marguerite, I'm getting very cross with you. In a minute I shall become really stern. Better trot up and take your little massage without being coerced.'

"She snickered and said something to the other cows. I know it was something about me, because they all laughed so. Then I lost my temper. I used to be the grandest little milker that ever came off the farm, so I started in to break my record. I broke it allright. O dear yes—I broke it.

THAT BRUTE HIT OUT WITH HER RIGHT HOOF

"Say, when I said that cow was lady-like, I made the mis-

FLOSSY HAD ME SETTLED IN A FENCE CORNER

take of the season. If she was a lady, me for the gentlemen cows from now on. What she did to me was a shame. She was a wheedler, a snare and a catapult, all rolled into one. She let me get right up to her and after flirting around a bit, I started in to draw one. I could see our one-course banquet coming nearer every second, when suddenly that brute hit out with her right hoof and cracked me on my equator and my north pole at one swell foofs—I mean fool swipe. No—fill—O, let 'em go.

"I didn't know what had struck me, but when I came too, Flossy, the gum-girl was on the job. She had me settled in a fence corner with my head on some fussy thing she had had round her shoulders and she was milking Penelope. Yep, you could hear the milk hitting the pail with a nice, sizzly thud. And by Jing, she'd forgotten to google. She wasn't looking at me at all.

"I said to myself 'Gee, I must be gittin' old. I guess I'd better kiss the barkeep good-night and go home.' I thought I'd saunter over—non—I mean," (as the bookkeeper made a suggestive motion) "I thought I'd go over and watch Imogene getting all that was coming to her. But the minute I hove in sight Gladys became alarmed and my pompadoured friend sneered, 'Want another punk headlight or kick on the wrist'? And by Jove, I looked down and sure enough, she had bound up my wrist, bathed my eye, and fixed me all up while I'd been lying there. What do you know about that?

"I said, 'Look out for Pansy, she's liable to bump the bumps. She isn't as gentle as she looks'! The brute was rolling her eye in the most come-on-you way you ever saw. Flossy just grunted, 'Huh, you see you didn't know how to manage,' and she slapped Rosalie on the flank and said, 'Get over there'.

" 'Hadn't you better be a little more polite to her'? I suggested. 'She might let fly again'. Say, that cow heard me and made just one move my way. I beat it down the track like a medical student was after me with a big bag. Flossy giggled herself sick. But she came in with a full dinner pail. Don't it beat all the way the female sex do hang together? And if you'd seen the way she fed that baby and let the

mother take a nap! Well, me for Flossy, the gum-chanker. You can't always tell from where you sit, can you?"

"I guess we'll take a stick in our milk shakes, boys. Eh, what?" said the head bookkeeper as he gently pushed the drummer toward the door.

ADIOS

BY CY WARMAN

THE red cones on the sumach tree
Grow crimson in the sun,
The summer tourists take to sea,
The summer days are done.

E'en as the dogwood flowers fade
And summer roses die,
E're long adown the silent glade
The golden leaves will lie.

And when the meads and glades are gray,
And treeless hills are rime,
Like T. R., may you truly say
"I've had a corking time."

THE MAN WHO GREW THAT WHEAT

BY W. D. EATON

"AND the first thing he said to me as he leaned against the barn door to loosen the bar on the staple, was:

"'Is it a wedding or a funeral?'"

"How did you answer that?" I asked.

"I said 'neither. It's an undertaking.' Did that hold him? It did not. He said it looked more like an overtaking to him."

"You see," continued the land-seeker, "there was a sleeper-full of us in rigs, just up from Chicago and St. Paul, and we had invited ourselves out to see where he grew that wheat. He didn't know we were coming, but we were no surprise party. He's used to delegations by now."

I had a talk with him myself that morning. If ever a man had reason for astonishment over his own sudden publicity, Mr. Buckley has—John C. Buckley, formerly of Enniskerry in the County Wicklow, Ireland, now of Gleichen in the province of Alberta. When the spring wheat of 1908 came into market, this recent importation stunned his neighbors and startled the continent by delivering wheat that graded *extra* number one northern at Fort William, and brought $1.04 a bushel, a half cent over the highest Winnipeg quotation of the season. He had raised the finest wheat ever grown in North America, if not in the world, and never knew it until it got the grading and brought the price—though he may have had hopes. And he not three years out from the old country, for he came no later than the month of May, 1906.

He had been a cattle dealer at home. To be a successful cattle dealer in Ireland means something antipodal to foolishness, for the people in the eastern and northern counties are bargainers by instinct, and that part of the country is by no means so poor as most of us on this side have been led to believe. Life there is very comfortable to a man in a good way. I asked him why he had come over.

"Political and religious bigotry on one hand and the autocratic attitude of the capitalists on the other," was the reason stated. Get a reason like that out of any other than an Irishman, if you can.

It was good to look at him. A fine upstanding man, young for his years, clear-eyed and high-nosed, as healthy as health—with a diamond collar button, and no collar.

"Did you bring that with you?" I asked.

"That? O, that's only a penny stone," said he, passing over the question.

When he came, he came to stay, for he brought the wife and seven children with him and got off at Gleichen, and went no farther. He is no time-burner.

"I looked over the locality for two days, and bought this half-section from the Canadian Pacific Irrigation and Colonization Company," said he.

If he had looked it over for two months or two years, he could have done no better for himself. The house stands on the upper sweep of a ring of hills that edges one of the most beautiful bowls of landscape in all the west. In that clear air the bustling young city of Gleichen looks only a mile away, though it is three. Gleam of water and shadow of cloud touch the soft green and brown of the prospect, to the far edge, and give it life. The Canadian Pacific threads it east and west. South of the rails lies the Blackfoot Indian reserve, with its wide-scattered tepees. To the north are farms, everywhere farms, squirmed over by the main laterals of the great

irrigating canal. It is an outlook both gracious and spacious. When the young trees are grown, it will be as winsome as the vales of Wicklow itself, or the spreading meadows of Antrim. Mr. Buckley made a flitting almost five thousand miles long, and took root where he lighted. He was no sooner there than he began to tear up the sod, and go at the work of farming. It was all new to him. He had never farmed before.

"Only a trifle," said he, "just to show off and spend my money."

"I was not long finding out I knew little about either the climate or the soil," he added, "but I asked questions and learned a little here and there. Not enough though to prevent me making the grievous mistake of breaking the prairie the end of July and the beginning of August instead of in June as I should have done, so that when I sowed it to wheat I got for that first cutting only twenty bushels to the acre where a common yield to my neighbors was thirty-five."

I wanted to know what process or treatment he followed in growing his prize wheat. Such results are not to be won through mere main strength and ignorance. There were questions of seed and care. This was his answer:

"The seed was red Fyffe. I bought it from the local elevator company and cleaned it thoroughly, and sowed two bushels to the acre in April, 1908. It was a fifty acre field, the same I had taken my twenty-five bushel crop from on the first breaking. I hadn't horses enough to plow it, and on the advice of some of my neighbors I drilled it in on the stubble, without either plowing or discing, and harrowed after sowing. Here I made a great error by harrowing the same way I had sowed, instead of crossways. The pin of the harrow running in the groove made by the disc of the drill and being kept there by the solidity of the ground, rooted out a large portion of the seed. This, along with the fact of my having broken late in the season—August instead of June—brought the yield down to twenty bushels to the acre while my neighbors all around me had forty. I cut it the first week in September, when it was

MR. JOHN C. BUCKLEY

thoroughly ripe, and made large stooks, and threshed it out of the stooks three weeks later." That looked like hit-or-miss agriculture, but the grain weighed sixty-five and three-quarter pounds to the struck bushel by the Government testing apparatus; and see how it graded!

There might be a question whether the quality would have been as high if Mr. Buckley had not harrowed out something like half the seed, leaving the full strength of the ground to nourish the other half. This would have left him a fair equality of yield with his neighbors, seed for seed, but in view of the faulty preparation of the ground and the makeshift of drilling in on the stubble he would still have a long advantage over them in the matter of quality.

His twenty bushels, which looked to him at first like failure, was actually almost seven bushels above the average yield over the whole United States last year. And the ground was not irrigated. His wheat was grown on "dry" ground. That is, on ground having no moisture other than what came from the sky. Though the Buckley farm is in the three-million-acre block irrigated from the Bow river, that particular field was not

served from his lateral. It was for dry-grown wheat that he won first prize at the trans-Missouri dry farming exhibition held last autumn in Cheyenne. But it took first award over all other wheat at the Gleichen fair last season. At the Alberta provincial exhibition held in Calgary it was awarded the silver championship medal and a cash prize of fifty dollars. It has been exhibited in Europe at various places, and at the Seattle fair, and everywhere with first honors.

But Mr. Buckley is warm on the subject of irrigation, and has his own method of applying the water for winter wheat.

When John Dunphy had the contract to build Saint Colombkill's church he watched one of the masons' helpers grooving a stone that was to be split and running water into the groove, He wondered whether the old man knew the meaning of what he was doing, and he asked,

"What good does the water do, Malachi?"

"Is it the shtone, sor?"

"It is."

"It makes it saft an' aisy."

Which threw a glint of imaginative understanding upon an obscure principle. Mr. Buckley brought it to mind, speaking of wheat under artificial watering:

"When I broke the prairie on this sixty" (the field we were crossing) "in June, with the object of sowing it to winter wheat, I let the water on the sod to make it plow easier and rot quicker. After discing and harrowing well, I let the water in again, and as soon as the surface was dry enough, about the first of September, I sowed my wheat, a bushel to the acre. After that, I left it untouched. The large supply of moisture held the frost in the ground and kept back the growth until the spring was well advanced, avoiding the effect of an unseasonably warm week or so in the earlier months, when the young shoots might have come up to be caught by the last frosts.

"I really can't say where I got the idea. I think it was in hearing of such a process being applied to fruit or young trees, but I am not sure. I'm always asking for information at the demonstration farms and of any neighbors who have had experience in these lines."

The whole of the Buckley 320 acres is not given over to wheat, nor is "himself" so puffed with pride that his mind has no room for thought of other things. For a born cattle-trader he is making a first-class farmer in record time. It's a way the Irish have, when they get out of Ireland; and western Canada favors the spirit of experiment and enterprise. He has gone in for diversified farming.

Last winter he sold a carload of oats at Winnipeg that graded "extra number one Canadian western," the highest grade possible. At the Gleichen fair held last August he got first award for oats, cucumbers, table beets and lettuce. He has found profit in cattle and hogs.

"The cattle run on unbroken land and thrive very well all the year round without any housing in the winter," he says, "and the hogs run on the stubble or during the growing season they are fed in pens on the coarse grains and other feed. This is an ideal country, too, for potato growing, dairying, and poultry." He has them all.

The case is exceptional only in the hardihood, intelligence and energy of the man, in his readiness to take a chance, and his alert shrewdness in making the best of it. Many a city man is making good in the west; very many of them in that same neighborhood. But nature is so kindly there, the soil is so fruitful and the elements so full of favor, that what would be difficult elsewhere comes easily, and prosperity is on the knees of the gods for all who will pay to fortune the courtship of mere industry. Mr. Buckley has won handsomely. It is no derogation of him to say his winning has come to him in a land of great rewards, where all may do as well, with the same will to do and the same diligence in effort.

A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Irene Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

IN LOVE WITH HER WORK.

ONE OF the most popular comediennes on the stage is Flora Zabelle, the pretty, piquante wife of Raymond Hitchcock, whose charming voice and fetching manner are contributing a great deal to the success of her husband's new piece, *The Man Who Owns Broadway*.

Miss Zabelle is one of those people, who, like Peter Pan, never grow up. She is just a little girl, ingenuous, unspoiled and unaffected. As one of her chorus girls said, "Miss Zabelle doesn't act a bit like the prima donna. You'd think she was one of the girls. If she meets us on the street, she doesn't ignore us, or give us one of those cold, icy bows as most of the 'big bugs' do, but it's 'hello, girls,' just as if she belonged to us. That's one reason we all love her."

Miss Zabelle doesn't "put on any side," either on or off the stage. In her dressing-room she talked freely and frankly.

"I love your Canada," she said. "I've had some of the best times I've ever had in my life when I've been in Toronto. I remember when I was just a slip of a girl I went there to play and I met a number of Varsity men who showed me all the University buildings. I went to one of the college dances and indeed, I shall never forget it. The government house party was there, in all its grandeur and I was quite thrilled when everyone stood up to sing 'God Save the King.'

"One of the boys, whose father was a judge, took me into the office and let me try on the judicial robes. They were so becoming—I've wanted to play *Portia* ever since."

Miss Zabelle is refreshingly enthusiastic about her profession. She believes that it is the very best work open to women. "It is the best paid and the most interesting and it offers the most opportunities for advancement," she says. "I was only in the chorus four months when my chance came. I'd been standing in the wings every night, watching the girl who played *San Toy*. I loved the part and I was just aching to play it when one night, the girl was suddenly taken ill. They were in despair. Her understudy didn't know the lines. Nobody would play it, when I bobbed up. '*I* can play it,' I said, with all the confidence I could muster—and they let me try. My, but I was scared! I got through it allright, though, and I never went back to the chorus."

"You don't believe in all this talk about the temptations of the stage then?"

"No, indeed," came the laughing reply. "It's absurd. I admit that

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALMA YOULIN
Playing a leading role in *The Goddess of Liberty*

conditions in the chorus are trying, but isn't it just the same in every line of work? Can you tell me any profession which a woman can enter that does not present disheartening experiences in the beginning, but the girl who is *right*—inside—will stay right on the stage as well as anywhere else, and the girl who works hard and is sincere in her work, is certain of success."

"Don't you think, perhaps, that you have been particularly fortunate in that you married so young and so had someone to look after you and to protect you?"

"I know I am fortunate in my husband, but so far as my work is concerned, my husband both helps and hinders me, his personality is so unique and his talent so undoubted that I sort of 'take a back seat' and am quite lost to view.

"But I'm working hard. I'm so ambitious, I'm studying all the time, and some day I may really be able to sing as I want to. But listen!

Scene from *The Girl from Rector's*

There's my cue"—and she danced away to sing, "I'm in Love with a Broadway Star."

L'AMOUR DE L'APACHE

THE outstanding feature of the *Queen of the Moulin Rouge* is the *Apache* dance, done by a specially imported company of French dancers. The dance is supposed to represent life in the lower quarters of Paris where the Parisian "tough" and his women congregate. As done by Mdlle. Corio and M. Molasso, it is full of grace and charm. Mdlle. Corio is one of the most interesting dancers in musical comedy and M. Molasso does some astonishing feats of acrobatic dancing

MADEMOISELLE CORIO AND MONSIEUR MOLASSO
In the *Apache* dance from *The Queen of the Moulin Rouge*

that never fail to provoke prolonged applause. Several other French dances are seen during the performance, but the *Apache* dance is easily first in popularity.

POTTER'S PLAYS

TWO plays that have attracted much attention during the last season are *The Queen of the Moulin Rouge* and *The Girl from Rector's*, both from the pen of Paul M. Potter. Mr. Potter has essayed to depict Parisian life in the first of these and to portray the picturesque element of life in "gay New York" in the second. That he has been successful in achieving the object of every playwright, to interest and amuse, is attested by the large audiences which greet both plays. *The Queen of the Moulin Rouge* is especially noticeable for its dances, but *The Girl from Rector's* abounds with amusing situations, witty lines and clever character sketches. And both attractions have a following, a *clientele*, as it were, peculiarly their own.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

HENRIETTA CROSMAN
Starring in *Sham*

SHAM

HENRIETTA CROSMAN has selected for her starring vehicle this year a mildly entertaining comedy dealing with the "sins of society." The particular sin exploited in *Sham*, as the comedy is called, is that of the grafter, the hanger-on who loiters on the fringe of society, living on the crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich.

Miss Crosman enacts the role of a girl who lives with a spinster cousin in an apartment, and "works" her rich relations and her friends for her wearing apparel, her food and even her cab-hire. Notwithstanding the help she receives, she is very much in debt, and her relations are urging her to marry a wealthy suitor, when she rather com-

plicates matters by falling in love with a westerner, who has more manliness than money. The westerner shows her that she has been playing an unlovely role and she determines to renounce it all and go west with him, if she can settle her debts by the sale of her mother's pearl necklace. To her horror she discovers that this, too, is a sham and she gives way to despair, when the rich relations come to the rescue and save the family "honor", by buying the pearl necklace, leaving the girl free to marry the man of her choice and go "to Idaho."

Miss Crosman's role is rather an ungrateful one, but she invests it with all the charm and art at her command and manages to make a somewhat weak and fragmentary play a delightful evening's entertainment.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
MARGUERITE LOVERIDGE
A type of classic beauty in *The Man Who Owns Broadway*

A TWO-FACED MAN

"RAYMOND HITCHCOCK is a two-faced man," said the artist, with grave solemnity.

"Indeed," one said with surprise, "he doesn't impress you that way."

"Yes, indeed," replied the artist, "if you could see him make his change from *Sidney Lyons* to *King Hobo*, you'd be sure of it, too. I went over to the theatre one night and put up my easel behind the scenes. Mr. Hitchcock came off in his frock-coat, carefully-creased trousers, and silk hat, with every detail of his costume correct.

"He sat down at a dressing table and began to rub out a line here, put in a wrinkle there, change the appearance of his nose—all this while two valets were busily engaged changing his shoes, putting on his bald head

with the crown attached and standing ready with his one-piece *King Hobo* suit ready to drop it on as soon as he divested himself of the other.

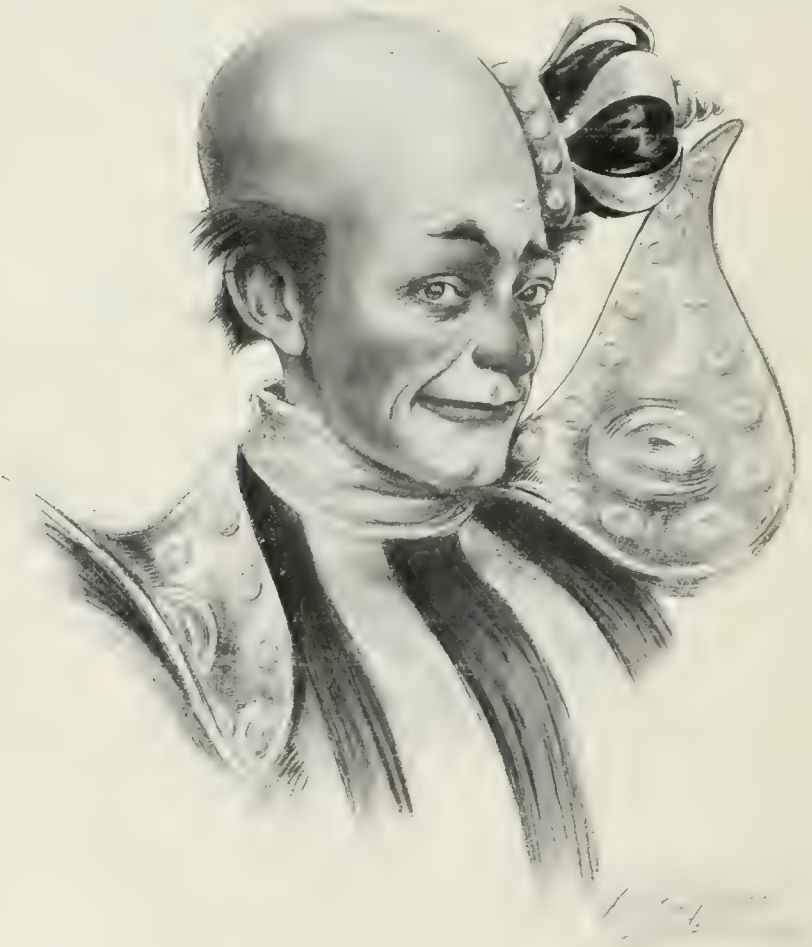
"This sounds like a lengthy operation but in reality it takes just one minute and fifty eight seconds before be is back on the stage ready for the finale."

I had finished. Thus my "*King Hobo* sketch. See?"

One saw.

AT REHEARSAL

THERE isn't much glamor about a rehearsal. When you see the bare brick walls, chorus men and chorus girls in street clothes and without make-



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
As *King Hobo* in *The Man Who Owns Broadway*

"What were you doing with the easel?"

"Oh, well, as Mr. Hitchcock put a line on his face, I put one on my sketch; as he rubbed out a wrinkle.I rubbed it out, and by the time he had finished, up and everybody seriously bent on business instead of smiling "merrily, merrily," you become convinced that "the show business" is not just a glad and gorgeous game, but a real factor in the business of the country.

It is interesting to watch different men as they rehearse. Raymond Hitchcock, for instance, is very much in earnest. No detail is too small to escape his notice. He knows where each member of the chorus should stand and if he or she is not in that exact place, Mr. Hitchcock wants to know the reason why.

"He isn't a bit funny when he's angry," whispered one girl in the company as Mr. Hitchcock thundered, "Girls, why don't you do what you're told? Don't you know that this is not fun? It's our bread and butter. You, struggling to earn a living; you, earning your daily bread by your work here can't you realize that it is on the details that the success of a production depends?"

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

As *Sidney Lyons* in *The Man Who Owns Broadway*

And so on, until by alternate coaxings and scoldings he has things as he wants them.

Thomas A. Wise, co-author and star of *A Gentleman From Mississippi*, pretends that he is never serious, but underneath his jolly laugh, his quaint witticisms, he means it all and the members of his company know it.

Mr. Wise says gently—oh, so gently—"Girls, don't you think we might do that number just a little better?" Now, if you were to put more life into that line and emphasize this word, don't you think——" And so it goes.

Or it is "Jo! I'd say that line this way," and he goes over the line with the inflection of voice, the expression of face all indicated, until "Jo" says it the way Mr. Wise wants it.

All producers are not so considerate, however. A well-known stage-manager is said to work the chorus girls nearly to death and, as often happens, when a girl faints during rehearsal, he says "Get her out of the way," and goes right on rehearsing.

It is part of the joy of being "on the stage."

SLEEP

BY VLADIMIR DILLON

THOU gentle soother of a thousand cares,
Herald of peace and harbinger of night,
That stealest bitter thoughts all unawares
Hiding the imperfections of the light,
Guard of Hope's treasury and Strength's frail store;
Most welcomed guest on every earthly shore,
Beloved banqueter of every mind;
Giver of second sight to nature's blind,
Twin-angel of that Darker Deity,
Whose kiss betokens an eternity,
Let thy calm presence gently woo me too,
Into deep, poppy-steeped oblivion;
Around my pillow thy strange potions strew
When stars are come and care-fraught day is gone.

WHEREFORE?

BY IVAN LEONARD WRIGHT

WHAT boots it, friend, this Midas boast of men,
This Mammon worship, hymns to gods of gold?
What useful end attained? What worth achieved,
When all is done, and Life's grim story told?

And wherefore all this sacrifice of truth,
This poor desire to ape the attitude
Of pow'r—a Crœsus thralldom; nothing more—
Not justified by mocking platitude.

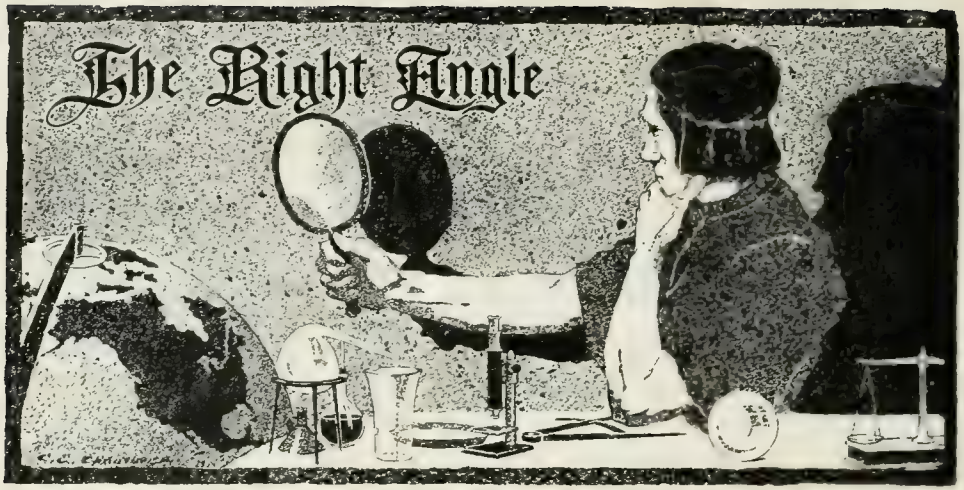
The braggart Opulence is crowned a king,
And beggars those who strove and made him great.
Men's orisons to wealth proclaim how ill
The hour when all to gain is consecrate.

And yet, I would not have you judge me, friend,
By bitterness envenomed, piqued by strife.
No, no, not that. My hands hold every need.
And, too, I am ambitious of my life.

But when a multitude of giant men,
By paradox made great, with attributes
Divine, forsake all creeds save money-love,
The fact of it our sanity refutes.

Sometimes, good friend—ah, often times, in truth—
The question comes: With riches won, and when,
O'er all the babel of the toiling horde
The last long bugle sounds—what then? What then?

I wonder much, as day slips into night,
And even' shadows creep across the sky;
When all the world is hushed and vital, real,
Do weary hearts ere cry: Oh, Wherefore? Why?



JACK LONDON REPLIES

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER:

DEAR SIR:—I have just returned home after two years and a half of wandering through the South Seas, on which portions of the earth's surface men will be found, no doubt, who will rise up and say that I have never been in the South Seas and do not know what I am writing about. Having just returned, I have for the first time read your article entitled "The Canada Fakers," published in the October (1908) number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY. And now a word with you.

You have charged me with various Canada fakes, and I shall take them up in the order given by you. (1) When "Love of Life" was originally published in "McClure's Magazine," the charge was then made that only an amphibious fish could have got from one pool of water to the other pool of water. I replied to this at the time, and gave eminent satisfaction to the be-puzzled inquirers. Now, I am not going to explain to you how that fish, without being amphibious, escaped from one pool to the other; but I will make you a proposition in two parts, said proposition to be a test of your cocksureness in the matter. On the one hand, I will bet you $200, and on the other hand, I will bet you $2,000, that I will demonstrate before any committee of professors of physics selected by you, that under the circumstances precisely narrated in my story, the fish did escape from one hole to the other, through the crevice, and that it could escape by swimming, and that the man could bale the one pool dry in a few minutes and that the other pool into which the fish escaped, could not have been baled by him in half a day. In this connection, it is up to you either to recant or to make your bet with me and prove yourself a physics-faker.

(2) You raise a great laugh at my expense because I have a water-hole open at a very low temperature, said water-hole remaining unfrozen. This is such an absolute literary fakerism that I wonder either at your audacity in promulgating it, or at your colossal carelessness. The water-hole at issue, according to my story, was first approached by the man who arrived first at the cabin. What takes place I now quote from my story: "The dogs had stopped beside a water-hole, not a fissure, but a hole man-made, chopped laboriously with an axe through three and a half feet of ice. A thick skin of new ice showed that it had not been used for some time." The time of the action of the story that takes place in the cabin is a matter of but few minutes, during which time first one man and then the other man goes out to the water-hole. At the end of the few minutes of action inside the cabin, one man departs, and departing he casts the sack of gold into the water-

ARTHUR HEMING

hole. Again I quote: "He worked the sack of gold out between the lashings and carried it to the water-hole. Already a new skin of ice had formed. This he broke with his fist."

(3) You criticize me for speaking of a birch-bark sled. Such an objection, when the context is considered, is so puerile as to be a matter of marvel that you should be guilty of making it. In "White Fang" I show the method of driving the dogs, and describe the sleds that the dogs haul, so that no man acquainted with the locality would dream for an instant that I meant anything else than a birch-bark toboggan sled. Criticize my use of the word "sled" if you please, but do not abort your criticism until it becomes a criticism of my fact. Such tricks may be all very well in schoolboys' debating societies, but between grown men, and writers of books, they are certainly out of place. In this connection you throw yourself open to the charge of being a logic-faker and an etymology-faker.

(4) You object to my use of the dog-driver's command of "mush on." My Northland stories are practically all confined to the Klondike and to Alaska, and there the only phrase used as a command for the dogs to get up, to go on, to move, is "mush on". There is no discussion about this fact. There is no man who has been in Klondike or Alaska but who will affirm this statement of mine. In this connection, you have made yourself into a Canada-faker, and a self-advertised scholastic Canada-faker at that.

Now what I want to know is, what are you going to do about it? Will you take these charges back as publicly as you have charged them? And if, in the nature of journalism you cannot take them back as publicly as you have charged them, what amends then are you going to make?

Sincerely yours,
JACK LONDON.

Glen Ellen, August 2, 1909.

ARTHUR HEMING'S VIEW

TO THE EDITOR:—Since the publication of Mr. Arthur Stringer's article on "The Canada Fakers" in your magazine, I have read with interest the replies that a few of the accused have written in attempting their defence. In no instance have I found them able to prove Mr. Stringer at fault, and indeed some of the letters have even proved their authors to be greater fakers than I had at first sup-

HUBERT MCBEAN JOHNSTON
Author of "Papa Dodds, Salesman" in this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY

posed. Were his critics not so obviously at fault, I would take pleasure in replying to their letters in detail, but, as the controversy now stands, it does not seem at all necessary for any one to go to Mr. Stringer's defence.

As one of the most appreciative of the many Canadians who so thoroughly approve of Mr. Stringer's courage in attacking the Canada Fakers, I wish to convey to him and to you my congratulations on the writing and publishing of such a desirable and much needed article. Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR HEMING.

Old Lyme, Conn., Oct. 9, 1909.

FATHER LACOMBE

AN interesting event of the autumn season that links the past with the present was the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination of Father Lacombe, the most picturesque and earliest of pioneer missionaries still living. In 1849 he left Montreal and began a highly interesting and effective missionary career at St. Paul and along the Red River Valley. Two years later he went west to the Upper Saskatchewan and since then he has traversed the plains summer and winter, performing most valuable work as a civilizing and spiritual force. Now, at eighty-three he is engaged in establishing a Home or Refuge for the aged poor and orphans of Alberta. During the recent tour of Lord Strathcona in the West the two aged men, who have been friends for many decades, met and exchanged pleasant reminiscences of the old times on the prairie. Lord Strathcona also gave a generous contribution toward the old missionary's latest benevolence.

THE INTERIOR OF AN OLD H. B. C. TRADING POST
A relic of the earlier power of the present great company of merchants

ELLIOTT FLOWER
Whose story "An Automobile Hoodoo," appears in this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY

THE H. B. C. SELLS OUT?

AN interesting rumor that is gaining credence from many well-informed westerners is to the effect that the Hudson's Bay Company contemplate selling the various large department stores that have grown up where modern cities have sprung to existence on the site of their old forts. "Harrod's" of London, a noted business institution of the old country, is credited with having the enterprise to desire to take over this long chain of stores which run from Winnipeg through to Vancouver. The Ancient Company of Gentlemen Adventurers would then still have immense interests in the Canadian West, for they own millions of acres of land and the entire north country is dotted with their fur-trading posts.

AUTONOMY AND THE WEST

THE remarkable progress made by Alberta and Saskatchewan in the four years since autonomy has been granted them was strikingly evidenced at the recent ceremonies, when His Excellency the Governor-General laid

the corner-stone of the new Legislative Buildings of each province. Not only have these western provinces created new and effective administration of local affairs, with the erection of numerous smaller public buildings, but they have each mapped out an expenditure of over a million dollars for their new government buildings. The structure at Edmonton, Alberta's capitol, is modeled somewhat after that of Minnesota's Capitol. When complete this handsome building will cost over $1,250,000. Such progress has been made that early in 1911 the legislative wing will be finished and the session of the Assembly will be held there.

A BOOK OF PRECEPTS

MR. WILLIAM T. ROBINSON has issued through the press of William Briggs of Toronto, a book of "Choice Thoughts from Master Minds" which in a compressed form presents pretty much what Poor Richard, Martin Farquhar Tupper, Marcus Aurelius and Bartlett tried to do. The selections are for the most part serious in tone, frequently solemn and sometimes religious. For those who like to find their own unformed moralizing finely expressed in the words of others, it will be a companionable and pleasing piece of work. Mr. Robinson has performed his task with painstaking care and really excellent judgment. To do such a thing at all implies wide reading, and to do it well requires good judgment. Both these Mr. Robinson certainly shows.

THE SECOND MILE

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

"If any man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

INTO the darkness hand in hand we went,
Constrained was I in every lagging step.
A wedded wife, what matter my consent?

The mile of duty lengthened with the dawn—
"So far the journey! Blessed was the night
That hid the path my feet were set upon!"

So cried I in my grief, when low you said:
"The end has come." And white the milestone gleamed—
"Here endeth Duty" (so the legend read).

And then, perchance unconsciously the while,
I passed the stone—Ah, how my feet grew light,
For 'twas with Love I walked the Second Mile!

THE REAL FISHERMAN

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

HE doesn't lie about the fish that he let get away.
Ah, no. The honest fisherman does not arise and say
That it was just "as long as that" from eyebrow to the tail,
And that he's sure that he had hooked a fifty-barrel whale.
He does not lie about the fish whose nibbles came to naught—
He tells his biggest whoppers on the fish he says he caught.

JUST SO

"WHEN a man tells you he wants to say something to you 'as a friend' you know he is going to criticize you in a way your enemy would not attempt."

WOMAN'S WAY

"WHAT are the election returns?" asks the first individual on the morning after woman's suffrage has gone into effect.

"Oh, the complete figures won't be in for a month," replies the second person.

"They won't? And why?"

"Well, you know the clerks and judges of election this year are all women, and they have to count the totals on their fingers."

SUCCINCT

"MAMMA," asks the prattling child, "what is the difference between an excuse and an explanation?"

"An excuse, darling," responds the mother with a sudden glance at the father, "is the reason a man gives for going downtown of an evening, and an explanation is the reason he gives for not coming home at a respectable hour."

READY ALWAYS

TO seek some things is of small use,
But rapid is the search
And quick is finding the excuse
For staying home from church.

A SONG

By A. R. Munday

LOVE, flash thy spirit on my brow,
That thence my heart may learn
The dearest things the soul would know
Within the breast must burn;
That then, perchance, I may discern,
When gazing in thine eyes,
That timorous, startled look return,
That beautiful surprise!

Flash on me with no troubled mien,
Lest I perchance should deem
The loveliest of all things I've seen,
Had bathed in Sorrow's stream;
Lest I should deem thy beauteous soul,
Through Sorrow had to press—
Ere it could shadow forth the whole
Of human loveliness!